

# THE LIVING AGE.

Seventh Series  
Volume XXV.

No. 3143—Oct. 1, 1904.

From Beginning  
Vol. CCXLIII.

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PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY BY

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A Weekly Magazine of Contemporary Literature and Thought.

(FOUNDED BY E. LITTELL IN 1844.)

SEVENTH SERIES  
VOLUME XXV.

NO. 3143. OCT. 1, 1904.

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## REFLECTIONS SUGGESTED BY THE NEW THEORY OF MATTER.\*

The meetings of this great Society have for the most part been held in crowded centres of population, where our surroundings never permit us to forget, were such forgetfulness in any case possible, how close is the tie that binds modern science to modern industry, the abstract researches of the student to the labors of the inventor and the mechanic. This, no doubt, is as it should be. The interdependence of theory and practice cannot be ignored without inflicting injury on both; and he is but a poor friend to either who undervalues their mutual co-operation.

Yet, after all, since the British Association exists for the advancement of science, it is well that now and again we should choose our place of gathering in some spot where science rather than its applications, knowledge, not utility, are the ends to which research is primarily directed.

If this be so, surely no happier selection could have been made than the

quiet courts of this ancient University. For here, if anywhere, we tread the classic ground of physical discovery. Here, if anywhere, those who hold that physics is the true *Scientia Scientiarum*, the root of all the sciences which deal with inanimate nature, should feel themselves at home. For, unless I am led astray by too partial an affection for my own University, there is nowhere to be found, in any corner of the world, a spot with which have been connected, either by their training in youth, or by the labors of their maturer years, so many men eminent as the originators of new and fruitful physical conceptions. I say nothing of Bacon, the eloquent prophet of a new era; nor of Darwin, the Copernicus of Biology; for my subject to-day is not the contributions of Cambridge to the general growth of scientific knowledge. I am concerned rather with the illustrious line of physicists who have learned or taught within a few hundred yards of this building—a line stretching from

\*"Inaugural Address" by the Right Hon. A. J. Balfour, D.C.L., LL.D., M.P., F.R.S., Chancellor

of the University of Edinburgh, President of the British Association.

Newton in the seventeenth century, through Cavendish in the eighteenth, through Young, Stokes, Maxwell, in the nineteenth, through Kelvin, who embodies an epoch in himself, down to Rayleigh, Larmor, J. J. Thomson, and the scientific school centred in the Cavendish laboratory, whose physical speculations bid fair to render the closing years of the old century and the opening years of the new as notable as the greatest which have preceded them.

Now what is the task which these men, and their illustrious fellow-laborers out of all lands, have set themselves to accomplish? To what end led these "new and fruitful physical conceptions" to which I have just referred? It is often described as the discovery of the "laws connecting phenomena." But this is certainly a misleading, and in my opinion a very inadequate, account of the subject. To begin with, it is not only inconvenient, but confusing, to describe as "phenomena" things which do not appear, which never have appeared, and which never can appear, to beings so poorly provided as ourselves with the apparatus of sense perception. But apart from this, which is a linguistic error too deeply rooted to be easily exterminated, is it not most inaccurate in substance to say that a knowledge of Nature's laws is all we seek when investigating Nature? The physicist looks for something more than what, by any stretch of language, can be described as "co-existences" and "sequences" between so-called "phenomena." He seeks for something deeper than the laws connecting possible objects of experience. His object is physical reality: a reality which may or may not be capable of direct perception; a reality which is in any case independent of it; a reality which constitutes the permanent mechanism of that physical universe with which our immediate empirical connection is so

slight and so deceptive. That such a reality exists, though philosophers have doubted, is the unalterable faith of science; and were that faith *per impossibile* to perish under the assaults of critical speculation, science, as men of science usually conceive it, would perish likewise.

If this be so, if one of the tasks of science, and more particularly of physics, is to frame a conception of the physical universe in its inner reality, then any attempt to compare the different modes in which, at different epochs of scientific development, this intellectual picture has been drawn cannot fail to suggest questions of the deepest interest. True, I am precluded from dealing with such of these questions as are purely philosophical by the character of this occasion; and with such of them as are purely scientific by my own incompetence. But some there may be sufficiently near the dividing line to induce the specialists who rule by right on either side of it to view with forgiving eyes any trespasses into their legitimate domain which I may be tempted, during the next few minutes, to commit.

Let me, then, endeavor to compare the outlines of two such pictures, of which the first may be taken to represent the views prevalent towards the end of the eighteenth century; a little more than a hundred years from the publication of Newton's "*Principia*," and, roughly speaking, about midway between that epoch-making date and the present moment. I suppose that if at that period the average man of science had been asked to sketch his general conception of the physical universe, he would probably have said that it essentially consisted of various sorts of ponderable matter, scattered in different combinations through space, exhibiting most varied aspects under the influence of chemical affinity and temperature, but through every

metamorphosis obedient to the laws of motion, always retaining its mass unchanged, and exercising at all distances a force of attraction on other material masses, according to a simple law. To this ponderable matter he would (in spite of Rumford) have probably added the so-called "imponderable" heat, then often ranked among the elements; together with the two "electrical fluids," and the corpuscular emanations supposed to constitute light.

In the universe as thus conceived, the most important form of action between its constituents was action at a distance; the principle of the conservation of energy was, in any general form, undreamed of; electricity and magnetism, though already the subjects of important investigation, played no great part in the Whole of things; nor was a diffused ether required to complete the machinery of the universe.

Within a few months, however, of the date assigned for these deliverances of our hypothetical physicist came an addition to this general conception of the world, destined profoundly to modify it. About a hundred years ago Young opened, or re-opened, the great controversy which finally established the undulatory theory of light, and with it a belief in an interstellar medium by which undulations could be conveyed. But this discovery involved much more than the substitution of a theory of light which was consistent with the facts for one which was not; since here was the first authentic introduction<sup>1</sup> into the scientific world-picture of a new and prodigious constituent—a constituent which has altered, and is still altering, the whole balance (so to speak) of

the composition. Unending space, thinly strewn with suns and satellites, made or in the making, supplied sufficient material for the mechanism of the heavens as conceived by Laplace. Unending space filled with a continuous medium was a very different affair, and gave promise of strange developments. It could not be supposed that the ether, if its reality were once admitted, existed only to convey through interstellar regions the vibrations which happen to stimulate the optic nerve of man. Invented originally to fulfil this function, to this it could never be confined. And accordingly, as everyone now knows, things which, from the point of view of sense perception, are as distinct as light and radiant heat, and things to which sense perception makes no response, like the electric waves of wireless telegraphy,<sup>2</sup> intrinsically differ, not in kind, but in magnitude alone.

This, however, is not all, nor nearly all. If we jump over the century which separates 1804 from 1904, and attempt to give in outline the world-picture as it now presents itself to some leaders of contemporary speculation, we shall find that in the interval it has been modified, not merely by such far-reaching discoveries as the atomic and molecular composition of ordinary matter, the kinetic theory of gases, and the laws of the conservation and dissipation of energy, but by the more and more important part which electricity and the ether occupy in any representation of ultimate physical reality.

Electricity was no more to the natural philosophers in the year 1700 than the hidden cause of an insignificant phenomenon.<sup>3</sup> It was known, and had long been known, that such things as

<sup>1</sup>The hypothesis of an ether was, of course, not new. But before Young and Fresnel it cannot be said to have been established.

<sup>2</sup>First known through the theoretical work of Maxwell and the experiments of Hertz.

<sup>3</sup>The modern history of electricity begins with Gilbert, but I have throughout confined my observations to the post-Newtonian period.

amber and glass could be made to attract light objects brought into their neighborhood; yet it was about fifty years before the effects of electricity were perceived in the thunderstorm. It was about 100 years before it was detected in the form of a current. It was about 120 years before it was connected with magnetism; about 170 years before it was connected with light and ethereal radiation.

But to-day there are those who regard gross matter, the matter of everyday experience, as the mere appearance of which electricity is the physical basis; who think that the elementary atom of the chemist, itself far beyond the limits of direct perception, is but a connected system of monads or sub-atoms which are not electrified matter, but are electricity itself; that these systems differ in the number of monads which they contain, in their arrangement, and in their motion relative to each other and to the ether; that on these differences, and on these differences alone, depend the various qualities of what have hitherto been regarded as indivisible and elementary atoms; and that while in most cases these atomic systems may maintain their equilibrium for periods which, compared with such astronomical processes as the cooling of a sun, may seem almost eternal, they are not less obedient to the law of change than the everlasting heavens themselves.

But if gross matter be a grouping of atoms, and if atoms be systems of electrical monads, what are these electrical monads? It may be that, as Prof. Larmor has suggested, they are but a modification of the universal ether, a modification roughly comparable to a knot in a medium which is inextensible, incompressible and continuous. But whether this final unification be accepted or not, it is certain that these monads cannot be considered apart

from the ether. It is on their interaction with the ether that their qualities depend; and without the ether an electric theory of matter is impossible.

Surely we have here a very extraordinary revolution. Two centuries ago electricity seemed but a scientific toy. It is now thought by many to constitute the reality of which matter is but the sensible expression. It is but a century ago that the title of an ether to a place among the constituents of the universe was authentically established. It seems possible now that it may be the stuff out of which that universe is wholly built. Nor are the collateral inferences associated with this view of the physical world less surprising. It used, for example, to be thought that mass was an original property of matter, neither capable of explanation nor requiring it; in its nature essentially unchangeable, suffering neither augmentation nor diminution under the stress of any forces to which it could be subjected; unalterably attached to, or identified with, each material fragment, howsoever much that fragment might vary in its appearance, its bulk, its chemical or its physical condition.

But if the new theories be accepted these views must be revised. Mass is not only explicable, it is actually explained. So far from being an attribute of matter considered in itself, it is due, as I have said, to the relation between the electrical monads of which matter is composed and the ether in which they are bathed. So far from being unchangeable, it changes, when moving at very high speeds, with every change in its velocity.

Perhaps, however, the most impressive alteration in our picture of the universe required by these new theories is to be sought in a different direction. We have all, I suppose, been interested in the generally accepted views as to the origin and development of suns

with their dependent planetary systems; and the gradual dissipation of the energy which during this process of concentration has largely taken the form of light and radiant heat. Follow out the theory to its obvious conclusions, and it becomes plain that the stars now visibly incandescent are those in mid-journey between the nebulae from which they sprang and the frozen darkness to which they are predestined. What, then, are we to think of the invisible multitude of the heavenly bodies in which this process has been already completed? According to the ordinary view, we should suppose them to be in a state where all possibilities of internal movement were exhausted. At the temperature of interstellar space their constituent elements would be solid and inert; chemical action and molecular movement would be alike impossible, and their exhausted energy could obtain no replenishment unless they were suddenly rejuvenated by some celestial collision, or travelled into other regions warmed by newer suns.

This view must, however, be profoundly modified if we accept the electric theory of matter. We can then no longer hold that if the internal energy of a sun were as far as possible converted into heat either by its contraction under the stress of gravitation or by chemical reactions between its elements, or by any other inter-atomic force; and that, were the heat so generated to be dissipated, as in time it must be, through infinite space, its whole energy would be exhausted. On the contrary, the amount thus lost would be absolutely insignificant compared with what remained stored up within the separate atoms. The system in its corporate capacity would become bankrupt—the wealth of its individual constituents would be scarcely diminished. They would lie side by side, without movement, without chemical

affinity; yet each one, howsoever inert in its external relations, the theatre of violent motions, and of powerful internal forces.

Or, put the same thought in another form. When the sudden appearance of some new star in the telescopic field gives notice to the astronomer that he, and perhaps, in the whole universe, he alone, is witnessing the conflagration of a world, the tremendous forces by which this far-off tragedy is being accomplished must surely move his awe. Yet not only would the members of each separate atomic system pursue their relative course unchanged, while the atoms themselves were thus riven violently apart in flaming vapor, but the forces by which such a world is shattered are really negligible compared with those by which each atom of it is held together.

In common, therefore, with all other living things, we seem to be practically concerned chiefly with the feebleness of Nature, and with energy in its least powerful manifestations. Chemical affinity and cohesion are on this theory no more than the slight residual effects of the internal electrical forces which keep the atom in being. Gravitation, though it be the shaping force which concentrates nebulae into organized systems of suns and satellites, is trifling compared with the attractions and repulsions with which we are familiar between electrically charged bodies, while these again sink into insignificance beside the attractions and repulsions between the electric monads themselves. The irregular molecular movements which constitute heat, on which the very possibility of organic life seems absolutely to hang, and in whose transformations applied science is at present so largely concerned, cannot rival the kinetic energy stored within the molecules themselves. This prodigious mechanism seems outside the range of our



immediate interests. We live, so to speak, merely on its fringe. It has for us no promise of utilitarian value. It will not drive our mills; we cannot harness it to our trains. Yet not less on that account does it stir the intellectual imagination. The starry heavens have from time immemorial moved the worship or the wonder of mankind. But if the dust beneath our feet be indeed compounded of innumerable systems, whose elements are ever in the most rapid motion, yet retain through uncounted ages their equilibrium unshaken, we can hardly deny that the marvels we directly see are not more worthy of admiration than those which recent discoveries have enabled us dimly to surmise.

Now, whether the main outlines of the world-picture which I have just imperfectly presented to you be destined to survive, or whether in their turn they are to be obliterated by some new drawing on the scientific palimpsest, all will, I think, admit that so bold an attempt to unify physical nature excites feelings of the most acute intellectual gratification. The satisfaction it gives is almost æsthetic in its intensity and quality. We feel the same sort of pleasurable shock as when from the crest of some melancholy pass we first see far below us the sudden glories of plain, river, and mountain. Whether this vehement sentiment in favor of a simple universe has any theoretical justification I will not venture to pronounce. There is no *a priori* reason that I know of for expecting that the material world should be a modification of a single medium, rather than a composite structure built out of sixty or seventy elementary substances, eternal and eternally different. Why, then, should we feel content with the first hypothesis and not with the second? Yet so it is. Men of science have always been restive under the multiplication of entities. They have

eagerly noted any sign that the chemical atom was composite, and that the different chemical elements had a common origin. Nor, for my part, do I think such instincts should be ignored. John Mill, if I rightly remember, was contemptuous of those who saw any difficulty in accepting the doctrine of "action at a distance." So far as observation and experiment can tell us, bodies *do* actually influence each other at a distance. And why should they not? Why seek to go behind experience in obedience to some *a priori* sentiment for which no argument can be adduced? So reasoned Mill, and to his reasoning I have no reply. Nevertheless, we cannot forget that it was to Faraday's obstinate disbelief in "action at a distance" that we owe some of the crucial discoveries on which both our electric industries and the electric theory of matter are ultimately founded; while at this very moment physicists, however baffled in the quest for an explanation of gravity, refuse altogether to content themselves with the belief, so satisfying to Mill, that it is a simple and inexplicable property of masses acting on each other across space.

These obscure intimations about the nature of reality deserve, I think, more attention than has yet been given to them. That they exist is certain; that they modify the indifferent impartiality of pure empiricism can hardly be denied. The common notion that he who would search out the secrets of Nature must humbly wait on experience, obedient to its slightest hint, is but partly true. This may be his ordinary attitude; but now and again it happens that observation and experiment are not treated as guides to be meekly followed, but as witnesses to be broken down in cross-examination. Their plain message is disbelieved, and the investigating judge does not pause until a confession in

harmony with his preconceived ideas has, if possible, been wrung from their reluctant evidence.

This proceeding needs neither explanation nor defence in those cases where there is an apparent contradiction between the utterances of experience in different connections. Such contradictions must of course be reconciled, and science cannot rest until the reconciliation is effected. The difficulty really arises when experience apparently says one thing and scientific instinct persists in saying another. Two such cases I have already mentioned; others will easily be found by those who care to seek. What is the origin of this instinct, and what its value; whether it be a mere prejudice to be brushed aside, or a clue which no wise man would disdain to follow, I cannot now discuss. For other questions there are, not new, yet raised in an acute form by these most modern views of matter, on which I would ask your indulgent attention for yet a few moments.

That these new views diverge violently from those suggested by ordinary observation is plain enough. No scientific education is likely to make us, in our unreflective moments, regard the solid earth on which we stand, or the organized bodies with which our terrestrial fate is so intimately bound up, as consisting wholly of electric monads very sparsely scattered through the spaces which these fragments of matter are, by a violent metaphor, described as "occupying." Not less plain is it that an almost equal divergence is to be found between these new theories and that modification of the common-sense view of matter with which science has in the main been content to work.

What was this modification of common sense? It is roughly indicated by an old philosophic distinction drawn between what were called the "primary" and the "secondary" qualities of

matter. The primary qualities, such as shape and mass, were supposed to possess an existence quite independent of the observer; and so far the theory agreed with common sense. The secondary qualities, on the other hand, such as warmth and color, were thought to have no such independent existence, being, indeed, no more than the resultants due to the action of the primary qualities on our organs of sense-perception; and here, no doubt, common sense and theory parted company.

You need not fear that I am going to drag you into the controversies with which this theory is historically connected. They have left abiding traces on more than one system of philosophy. They are not yet solved. In the course of them the very possibility of an independent physical universe has seemed to melt away under the solvent powers of critical analysis. But with all this I am not now concerned. I do not propose to ask what proof we have that an external world exists, or how, if it does exist, we are able to obtain cognizance of it. These may be questions very proper to be asked by philosophy; but they are not proper questions to be asked by science. For, logically, they are antecedent to science, and we must reject the sceptical answers to both of them before physical science becomes possible at all. My present purpose requires me to do no more than observe that, be this theory of the primary and secondary qualities of matter good or bad, it is the one on which science has in the main proceeded. It was with matter thus conceived that Newton experimented. To it he applied his laws of motion; of it he predicated universal gravitation. Nor was the case greatly altered when science became as much preoccupied with the movements of molecules as it was with those of planets. For molecules

and atoms, whatever else might be said of them, were at least pieces of matter, and, like other pieces of matter, possessed those "primary" qualities supposed to be characteristic of all matter, whether found in large masses or in small.

But the electric theory which we have been considering carries us into a new region altogether. It does not confine itself to accounting for the secondary qualities by the primary, or the behavior of matter in bulk by the behavior of matter in atoms; it analyzes matter, whether molar or molecular, into something which is not matter at all. The atom is now no more than the relatively vast theatre of operations in which minute monads perform their orderly evolutions; while the monads themselves are not regarded as units of matter, but as units of electricity; so that matter is not merely explained, but is explained away.

Now the point to which I desire to direct attention is not to be sought in the great divergence between matter as thus conceived by the physicist and matter as the ordinary man supposes himself to know it, between matter as it is perceived and matter as it really is, but to the fact that the first of these two quite inconsistent views is wholly based on the second.

This is surely something of a paradox. We claim to found all our scientific opinions on experience; and the experience on which we found our theories of the physical universe is our *sense-perception* of that universe. That is experience; and in this region of belief there is no other. Yet the conclusions which thus profess to be entirely founded upon experience are to all appearance fundamentally opposed to it; our knowledge of reality is based upon illusion, and the very conceptions we use in describing it to others, or in thinking of it ourselves, are abstracted from anthropomorphic fancies, which

science forbids us to believe and Nature compels us to employ.

We here touch the fringe of a series of problems with which inductive logic ought to deal, but which that most unsatisfactory branch of philosophy has systematically ignored. This is no fault of men of science. They are occupied in the task of making discoveries, not in that of analyzing the fundamental presuppositions which the very possibility of making discoveries implies. Neither is it the fault of transcendental metaphysicians. Their speculations flourish on a different level of thought; their interest in a philosophy of nature is lukewarm; and howsoever the questions in which they are chiefly concerned be answered, it is by no means certain that the answers will leave the humbler difficulties at which I have hinted either nearer to or further from a solution. But though men of science and idealists stand acquitted, the same can hardly be said of empirical philosophers. So far from solving the problem, they seem scarcely to have understood that there was a problem to be solved. Led astray by a misconception to which I have already referred; believing that science was concerned only with (so-called) "phenomena," that it had done all that it could be asked to do if it accounted for the sequence of our individual sensations, that it was concerned only with the "laws of Nature," and not with the inner character of physical reality; disbelieving, indeed, that any such physical reality does in truth exist;—it has never felt called upon seriously to consider what are the actual methods by which science attains its results, and how those methods are to be justified. If anyone, for example, will take up Mill's logic, with its "sequences and co-existences between phenomena," its "method of difference," its "method of agreement," and the rest; if he will then compare

the actual doctrines of science with this version of the mode in which those doctrines have been arrived at,—he will soon be convinced of the exceedingly thin intellectual fare which has been hitherto served out to us under the imposing title of Inductive Theory.

There is an added emphasis given to these reflections by a train of thought which has long interested me, though I acknowledge that it never seems to have interested anyone else. Observe, then, that in order of logic sense-perceptions supply the premisses from which we draw all our knowledge of the physical world. It is they which tell us there is a physical world; it is on their authority that we learn its character. But in order of causation they are effects due (in part) to the constitution of our organs of sense. What we see depends not merely on what there is to be seen, but on our eyes. What we hear depends not merely on what there is to hear, but on our ears. Now, eyes and ears, and all the mechanism of perception, have, as we know, been evolved in us and our brute progenitors by the slow operation of Natural Selection. And what is true of sense-perception is of course also true of the intellectual powers which enable us to erect upon the frail and narrow platform which sense-perception provides, the proud fabric of the sciences.

Now Natural Selection only works through utility. It encourages aptitudes useful to their possessor or his species in the struggle for existence, and, for a similar reason, it is apt to discourage useless aptitudes, however interesting they may be from other points of view, because, being useless, they are probably burdensome.

But it is certain that our powers of sense-perception and of calculation were fully developed ages before they were effectively employed in searching out the secrets of physical reality—for

our discoveries in this field are the triumphs but of yesterday. The blind forces of Natural Selection, which so admirably simulate design when they are providing for a present need, possess no power of prevision, and could never, except by accident, have endowed mankind, while in the making, with a physiological or mental outfit adapted to the higher physical investigations. So far as natural science can tell us, every quality of sense or intellect which does not help us to fight, to eat, and to bring up children, is but a by-product of the qualities which do. Our organs of sense-perception were not given us for purposes of research; nor was it to aid us in meting out the heavens or dividing the atom that our powers of calculation and analysis were evolved from the rudimentary instincts of the animal.

It is presumably due to these circumstances that the beliefs of all mankind about the material surroundings in which it dwells are not only imperfect but fundamentally wrong. It may seem singular that down to, say, five years ago, our race has, without exception, lived and died in a world of illusions; and that its illusions, or those with which we are here alone concerned, have not been about things remote or abstract, things transcendental or divine, but about what men see and handle, about those "plain matters of fact" among which common sense dally moves with its most confident step and most self-satisfied smile. Presumably, however, this is either because too direct a vision of physical reality was a hindrance, not a help, in the struggle for existence; because falsehood was more useful than truth; or else because with so imperfect a material as living tissue no better results could be attained. But, if this conclusion be accepted, its consequences extend to other organs of knowledge besides those of perception.

Not merely the senses, but the intellect, must be judged by it; and it is hard to see why evolution, which has so lamentably failed to produce trustworthy instruments for obtaining the raw material of experience, should be credited with a larger measure of success in its provision of the physiological arrangements which condition reason in its endeavors to turn experience to account.

Considerations like these, unless I have compressed them beyond the limits of intelligibility, do undoubtedly suggest a certain inevitable incoherence in any general scheme of thought which is built out of materials provided by natural science alone. Extend the boundaries of knowledge as you may; draw how you will the picture of the universe; reduce its infinite variety to the modes of a single space filling ether; retrace its history to the birth of existing atoms; show how under the pressure of gravitation they became concentrated into nebulae, into suns, and all the host of heaven; how, at least in one small planet, they combined to form organic compounds; how organic compounds became living things; how living things, developing along many different lines, gave birth at last to one superior race; how from this race arose, after many ages, a learned handful, who looked round on the world which thus blindly brought them into being, and judged it, and knew it for what it was:—perform, I say, all this, and, though you may indeed have attained to science, in nowise will you have attained to a self-sufficing system of beliefs. One thing at least will remain, of which this long-drawn sequence of causes and effects gives no satisfying explanation; and that is knowledge itself. Natural science must ever regard knowledge as the product of irrational conditions, for

Nature.

in the last resort it knows no others. It must always regard knowledge as rational, or else science itself disappears. In addition, therefore, to the difficulty of extracting from experience beliefs which experience contradicts, we are confronted with the difficulty of harmonizing the pedigree of our beliefs with their title to authority. The more successful we are in explaining their origin, the more doubt we cast on their validity. The more imposing seems the scheme of what we know, the more difficult it is to discover by what ultimate criteria we claim to know it.

Here, however, we touch the frontier beyond which physical science possesses no jurisdiction. If the obscure and difficult region which lies beyond is to be surveyed and made accessible, philosophy, not science, must undertake the task. It is no business of this Society. We meet here to promote the cause of knowledge in one of its great divisions; we shall not help it by confusing the limits which usefully separate one division from another. It may perhaps be thought that I have disregarded my own precept—that I have wilfully overstepped the ample bounds within which the searchers into Nature carry on their labors. If it be so, I can only beg your forgiveness. My first desire has been to rouse in those who, like myself, are no specialists in physics, the same absorbing interest which I feel in what is surely the most far-reaching speculation about the physical universe which has ever claimed experimental support; and if in so doing I have been tempted to hint my own personal opinion that as natural science grows it leans more, not less, upon an idealistic interpretation of the universe, even those who least agree may perhaps be prepared to pardon.



## THE WAR IN THE FAR EAST.—III.

## THE MILITARY TRIUMVIRATE.

*Tokio, 8th July 1904.*

Three men were standing in front of a large-scale map. The map is of so large a scale that it screens the whole expanse of wall at one end of the room. The shortest of the three men holds a telegram in his hand, and as he reads from it one of the members of the Triumvirate runs his finger along the red line which seems to bifurcate the suspended chart. Having satisfied themselves that the reading of the map synchronises with the information contained in the telegram, the three men group round the table in the centre of the room. They are worthy of close observation these three, for it is this Triumvirate that is ruling Japan's destinies at the present moment. The small, podgy, pock-marked man, whom no caricaturist could fail to lampoon as a frog, is Baron Oyama, the Roberts of Japan. We use the parallel to our own great soldier only as a figure of location. In temperament there is no likeness between the two, except that each in his respective country is a great soldier. And what a history lies behind this diminutive field-marshal! He has seen the latent fighting strength of his nation develop in a single generation from the standard attained in the medieval civilization of the East to that of a first-class Western Power; has lived to command it in the act of overthrowing the vaunted strength of a Western Power. But to few great military leaders has such an opportunity come as has presented itself to the present generalissimo of Japan's army. Twelve years ago this very marshal was called upon to command the Japanese army in the field against the

strength of China. The opening phases of his present campaign are being conducted over the very ground through which he then manœuvred his victorious troops. Does it come often in the lifetime of a general to operate twice over the same squares of the map? In the present operations the knowledge gleaned in that first campaign has been worth an army corps.

The little general seated at the marshal's right is the Kitchener of Japan. If we had not known that he was Japanese, his quick dark eye, dapper figure, and pointed beard would have led us to believe that he was a Spaniard, or perhaps a Mexican. General Baron Kodama is the executive brain of the Japanese general staff. Of the third member of the Triumvirate, however, we have no parallel in the British army. Like his illustrious associates, he also is small. He is fair for a Japanese, and the splash of gray at either temple enhances the fairness of his skin. Save for a rare and very pleasant smile, the face is unemotional. The dark eyes are dreamy, and the poorest expression of the great brain that works behind them. This is General Fukushima, whose genius has been the concrete-mortar which has cemented into solid block the rough-hewn material of Japan's general staff.

These are the three men who hitherto have repeatedly overthrown Russia's military strength in the Far East. And since the Japanese army of invasion landed in Korea and Manchuria, it has been this Triumvirate that, from this very room and the three adjacent rooms, has controlled the destinies of the army in the field. This is the Japanese system, this, perhaps, the

secret of the Japanese success. The strategical factor in the operations is the general staff, wherever it may be located. Whether in Tokio, in the field, or in Timbuctoo, the tactical remains with the generals commanding in the field.

There is a key resting in the safe keeping of the chief of the staff which, if it came into our possession, would disclose many score of admirable charts. They are marked in color, and each set has its complementary set to meet each contingency that might arise, favorable or untoward, even to the invasion of Japan. There lies stored within easy reach of the home ports every kind of material that modern forethought has considered necessary for every contingency in war,—from railway material suited to the swamps of Manchuria, and baulks of timber to furnish platforms for heavy artillery destined to bombard Port Arthur, to shore-torpedo tubes prepared against a hostile landing on the home seaboard.

These are the three men in the main responsible for all this,—yet stay with me a moment more. They are leaving the modest building which represents Japan's military strength in Tokio,—this building which, though so unpretentious and insignificant, yet has such a far-reaching shadow,—the marshal and his two chief lieutenants are leaving it, for to-night is their last night in the capital; to-morrow they will

leave Japan to control the destinies of the army in the field. They are due at a farewell complimentary dinner given by the heads of sister departments. Just have one glimpse at them as they sit on the floor in strange alignment round the three walls of the banqueting hall. For the moment all that is of the West is forgotten; they are now crude Orientals, trifling with the dainty Geisha maidens, plying them with food and drink; they are entranced with the semi-barbaric dancing of the *première danseuse* of the house wherein they sup, and they partake of the merriment of the cup as if there were no such distraction in the wide world as war. Yet even as they sit, there has come to the men on duty at the War Department a detail of new ground that has been broken within two thousand metres of Port Arthur's outer works, of grim casualties to covering infantry entailed in this pushing forward of the parallel. Nevertheless as the messenger who brought the news from the war bureau stands outside in the passage, sipping the cup of green tea which some *musmé* has brought him, all he hears is the spirited rhythm of the *samásán*. . . .

On the morrow the Ministers Plenipotentiary and Envoys Extraordinary of all the great Western Powers, glittering in their bullion-charged dresses, will be present on the platform to wish the Triumvirate "Godspeed."

#### THE SEEKER AFTER TRUTH: AN ALLEGORY.

*Tokio, 18th July 1904.*

There was once a seeker after truth who came to Japan about the time of the commencement of the Russo-Japanese war. Now the seeker after truth had visited many lands in the pursuance of his quest. Therefore when the band of Europeans collected in Japan's capital, joining the common

crowd, shouted themselves hoarse over the initial Japanese successes, he remained silent, wondering if there was anything of sincerity in the many demonstrations which seemed to mark the unification of an Eastern and Western nation. For the time being he remained silent and watched events. In the beginning this demonstration

of inter-racial feeling, especially as the races were so divergent in color, moral balance, and training, was curious to behold. Also in the beholding it was full of comforting effect.

Nothing in the wide world could be more beautiful than a Japanese lantern procession at night, let us say, through the Shiba Park, or other delicately folliaged Japanese plantation. And it gladdened the heart of the seeker after truth to see amongst these myriads of paper will o' the wisps, dancing in a delicate luminous line against the sombre shadows of the park foliage, many upon which was depicted the colored device of the national emblem of the allied European Power.

Then the occasions which called for national demonstration became more numerous, and followed each other in quick succession. And it seemed to the seeker after truth that the whole atmosphere of the demonstrations had changed. In the beginning, when the future had been masked in the mysteries of the fog of war, when the possibilities of the future seemed to point to the probability of armed intervention in favor of the Eastern Power, then intermingled with the regalia of the demonstrations there had been found British and even American insignia. But now all this was past. Worse even, as one moved along the streets of Tokio the gutter gamlin would shout after the European the word "foreigner," coupled with some opprobrious epithet, and there would be no dissentient voice to admonish or restrain. The seeker after truth had been away for some weeks. He remembered Tokio as it had been and returned to find it as it is. And it pained him sorely, for he had expected otherwise, and he went straightway to one of his own kind, and as the wheels of his jinriksha revolved he seemed to read in their creaking a refrain,—

"Get thee from me, take heed to thyself, see my face no more."

And he came to one of his own kind, and he found him in a Japanese garden, a place beautiful in the emerald green of summer, and flashing with the blended color of a thousand iris flowers. The man of his kind was seated in the midst of all this beauty and a dainty maiden of the country nestled at his feet, and the man was counting the gains and the losses. And the money was Japanese money. And he looked up from his pleasant labors and greeted the seeker after truth. "Who are you, and what is your business with me?—this is not the business hour!" And the seeker after truth stated his business. The white man smiled the cunning smile of the man who understands the ways of the East. "Go back, thou fool; wherefore have this alarm? These people are struggling for the good of humanity. It is engrossing the whole of their attention; they have not time for the things which are but your own vain imaginings."

And the seeker after truth left him abashed, but as he passed away to his own place of residence it occurred to him—"Have I not read these sentiments in the newspapers?" and even as the thought crossed his mind three soldiers in the pathway pointed at him and jeered him as a foreigner fit to be killed as the Russians were being killed. And then with one swift flash the truth burst upon him—"This is not a war between Russia and Japan: it is a war between East and West." And in sorrow he betook himself back to his place of residence.

And many men stood gathered at his place of residence, and the seeker after truth told them openly of his new discovery. And they laughed him to scorn. But a very old man stood in their midst, and he of all the crowd refrained from mirth. He took the

seeker after truth aside and said: "My friend, what is your business?"

"I am a seeker after truth." And then in his turn the old man was moved to mirth.

"You are a seeker after truth, and you have come to Japan! Young man, I have spent the sixteen best years of

my life in Japan, and I have not yet found the very shadow of truth. Take the advice of an old man, give up your quest and return, for truth is not to be found here."

The seeker after truth turned away abashed.

#### A VISIT TO TOGO'S RENDEZVOUS.

The man at the wheel seemed to be steering by instinct. It was so dark that as we clung to the rail on the bridge we could not see the whaleback of the destroyer. All that we could tell was that we were passing in through an archipelago of islands. The false horizon which their rocky summits from time to time vouchsafed to us was, however, the only proof that we had of this. The lieutenant-commander maintained a discreet silence. It was his business to convey us to the rendezvous under cover of darkness, not to explain the intricacies of his uncharted course. He was politeness itself, and never tired of relating his experiences in the destroyer fight off Liautishan. Not once, but a dozen times during our brief stay with him, did he take us forward and point with pride at the marks which that struggle had left upon his boat. His little beady eyes would sparkle like electric points when he called to mind the details of that desperate fighting. How it seemed a miracle that the destroyers had not collided, how the stained muzzles of the 6-pounders almost touched as the shell-like vessels came abreast. How his bridge was torn and scored by splinters. How his sub-lieutenant and signalman were carried overboard by the same projectile. It was all marvellously interesting, but it was not as interesting in the recital as the circumstances of our present position. We were entering the passage which led to the rendezvous of Admiral Togo's fleet.

It does not matter here who we were or why we were allowed to make the visit. But it was so arranged that we boarded the destroyer late in the afternoon, and it was dark, pitch dark, before we made the land-marks which would have disclosed the situation.

Steadily at half speed the destroyer held on her course. There were no lights,—as far as we could see there were no points at all beyond the stars by which the master could correct his bearings. Silently, almost weirdly, the long thin streak of a boat slipped through the water. The sea was as smooth as a frozen lake. Suddenly the commander put his hand on the telegraph. He peered into the darkness ahead, we could see nothing, but after a moment's hesitation his hand went down. He had rung the engines off, and almost immediately we were going full speed astern. Then it was, and then only, that we saw that there was a dim shadow of a body in front of us. For the first time we descried a light. The signal lamp was in requisition. A call, an answer, and then all was darkness again, and we were going half speed forward again past the guard-ship. Presently, as it were out of nowhere, we were able to discern the dim outline of a moving body on either beam. These outlined into thin long streaks like unto ourselves. In short, if the night had not been clear, one would easily have mistaken them for our own reflection on the mist. Then from the port beam came a hail. The answer was given in Japanese,

again the telegraph spoke to the engineer. Slow—and in a few seconds we were being piloted by the port boat right in through the lines of Togo's fleet.

It was a strange sensation. Here we were passing between two lines of giant engines of war. We could just make out each indistinct mass that in the darkness indicated a ship. But there was never a light and rarely a sound. Once a picket-launch steamed up quite close to us. We could hear the pant of her engines and just make out the suspicion of flame from the rim of her funnel. Then the pilot boat shouted us clear, and we bore down upon one of the darker patches. We hoped that it was the *Mikasa*, and that we were destined to spend the night on the flagship. But the commander put our mind to rest on that point with the simple information that he was about to tie up for the night at the torpedo transport. . . .

It has not been given to every one to witness the victorious Japanese fleet lying at anchor in its rendezvous. It was a sight once seen not easily to be forgotten. The four squadrons lay at anchor in four lines. Just clear of them lay the transports, colliers, torpedo transports, and the dockyard vessels. At the entrance to the bay lay the guard-ship and the destroyers. Three destroyers and one cruiser were on the mud to facilitate the attentions of the dockyard hands. Two of the battleships had colliers alongside, and another of the colliers was filling the bunkers of two torpedo boats. Across the entrance to the bay one could just make out the faint line of a boom. Since we had heard so much of the damage which the Russian guns had wrought upon the Japanese fleet we

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looked anxiously for evidence of it. As the morning light strengthened we scrutinized each of the battleships in turn. There were six of them, great gaunt leviathans stripped for the fray. Though the friendly glass made each rail and stanchion clear, yet we could discover no trace of this ill-usage of which we had heard so much. Then for the 1st class cruisers, they at least had been knocked to pieces. Here they were, six of them, anchored line ahead. There was nothing that the non-professional eye could detect amiss with their lean symmetry. The picture was in a manner oppressive: there was nothing within view that was not connected with scientific butchery and destruction in its most ruthless and horrible form. The ships themselves, stripped of everything that was wooden or superfluous, gave the morbid impression of merciless majesty and might. The nakedness of their dressing attenuated the ferocity of the gaping guns. One thought of the shambles on the main deck of the *Variag* and the fate of the *Petropavlovsk*, and one shuddered. But in all, if not exhilarating, it was a magnificent picture. And one bowed in tribute to the diabolical and misapplied genius of man. . . .

At three o'clock came the crowning scene. A signal fluttered up from the bridge of the flagship. As if by one movement the little torpedo craft slipped away towards the entrance, while the whole air hummed with the rattle of cable chains. Signal after signal from the flagship, and then majestically Admiral Togo took his fleet out of the rendezvous to do battle with his country's enemy. This was a soul-stirring spectacle. . . .

O.



## THEODOR HERZL.

The 19th century, which saw the birth of so many young Nationalities, did not run its course without witnessing an agitation for the resurrection of one of the oldest of communities; nothing less than the creation of a Jewish Nation in Palestine. The movement now known all over the world under the name of Zionism was originally started in Russia about the year 1870 among Russian Jews; but it was a Viennese journalist who gave it a cosmopolitan importance in 1896, by the publication of a treatise entitled, *Der Judenstaat*.<sup>1</sup>

Dr. Theodor Herzl, the journalist in question, was born at Buda-Pesth, on the 2nd of May, 1860, as the son of a well-to-do merchant. His parents, shortly after his birth, removed to Vienna, where he received his education. He was brought up for the legal profession, took his degree of Doctor of Law, and practised for some years in the Viennese Law Courts. Subsequently relinquishing Law for Literature, he contributed articles to the *Berliner Tageblatt* and other papers, besides writing several novels and plays. More than one of the latter received the high honor of being performed at the Imperial Hofburg Theatre, and remains in its regular repertoire. In 1891 Herzl became Paris correspondent of the Vienna *Neue Freie Presse*, and this position he retained until 1895, when he was appointed one of the editors of the paper—a post which, whilst devoting all his spare time to the interests of Zionism, he filled until his death. Dr. Herzl died of heart disease at Edlach, in Austria, on the 3rd of July last.

Whatever may be thought of the feasible or fantastic character of Zionism now that its guiding spirit is gone, there can be no doubt that it at once exercised a powerful influence over the minds of the Jewish proletariat throughout the world. In less than seven years from the day when, practically without financial resources and against the advice of all but a few personal friends, Herzl started his Zionist propaganda, the movement already numbered more than a million of adherents distributed over different parts of the world. He displayed an extraordinary activity in the furtherance of his project, and succeeded in calling forth the same on the part of others. Thus one English Zionist, who shared Herzl's enthusiasm, travelled over 27,000 miles in little more than a year on behalf of the cause.

Dr. Herzl was received at different times in special audience by the Sultan of Turkey, the German Emperor, the Pope, the King of Italy, and any number of Ministers and others in high, responsible positions, among them being Mr. Chamberlain and Lord Lansdowne. He came over to England by special request, and gave evidence before the Royal Commission on Alien Immigration, and by all accounts his statement was admitted to be one of the clearest and most statesmanlike presentations of the Jewish question. He summoned congresses which were held from time to time in Basel,<sup>2</sup> and were attended by crowds of Zionists from all parts, many of whom in their turn represented large numbers of their co-workers. At the last congress in

<sup>1</sup> A Jewish State: An attempt at a Modern Solution of the Jewish Question, by Theodor Herzl, LL.D., London. David Nutt, 1896.

<sup>2</sup> The first Zionist Congress was held in Basel

in 1897, subsequent ones in the same city in 1898, 1899, 1901 and 1903, and in 1900 the Zionist Congress was held in London.

Basel, 320,000 Zionists were directly represented by so-called shekel payments. Dr. Herzl started a newspaper, *Die Welt*, in Vienna, specially devoted to the interests of Zionism. A bank was founded in London, named the Jewish Colonial Trust, with a paid up capital of £300,000 sterling, the greater part of which sum was subscribed from among the poorer Jews, the wealthier ones withholding their support. This bank holds the record of possessing the largest number of shareholders of any limited liability company in the world—namely, about 135,000. A Jewish National Fund and a third financial fund were also started for current Zionist expenses, the latter being known as the Shekel Account. Finally Herzl succeeded in securing a provisional understanding with the Egyptian Government in reference to a Jewish colony in the Sinaitic Peninsula, as well as an offer from the British Government of 5,000 square miles in British East Africa. Surely, a record in the annals of individual agitatorial activity, showing conclusively by facts and figures that Zionism must have appealed very forcibly to an instinct latent in the heart of the Jewish race!

One of Dr. Herzl's journalistic colleagues wrote in the *Neue Freie Presse*, on the morrow of his death, as follows, respecting the motives which are supposed to have swayed him:—

It is as clear as noonday that the Zionist movement originated in the noblest motives on his part. A vast pity, a love of his fellow-creatures was the beginning and the end of it. He saw his co-religionists mocked, slandered, humiliated, all but thrown back into the illegality of the Middle Ages, sinking into conditions for which our boasted modern civilization has hardly a bare coat of varnish left. His whole pride revolted against such a state of things, and in its turn widened his heart in sympathy with the sufferings of others. He grew accustomed to feel

in a national—a Jewish national—sense. The spirit of a Messiah rose in him, and thus one day he found himself face to face with the problem of leading his people out of their misery back into the Promised Land of Palestine. He called upon them to sacrifice legal rights acquired in the course of a thousand years amid unspeakable sufferings in order to run after a fascinating legend of the far remote East. [July 7th, 1904.]

This tribute is all the more remarkable since it was permitted to appear in a newspaper in which as long as Herzl lived the very name of Zionism was never once allowed to be mentioned.

What finally decided Herzl to write *Der Judenstaat* was his experience in Paris during the Panama scandal, the disgust of a proud, sensitive nature at the growth of Anti-Semitism in a country which had hitherto, next to England, been the chief one in which the Jews had enjoyed an honorable position. This, together with a profound sympathy for the sufferings which his race was exposed to in Russia and Roumania, left him no peace of mind. He said to himself that whether his project should eventually succeed or not, it would at all events result in creating for Judaism as such, and for the individual Jew in all countries, a rallying point of an idealistic character. For nobody felt more acutely than Herzl the cruel injustice of the reproach of selfish materialism constantly levelled at his race. The intention to attain this end is clearly set forth in the third paragraph of the programme embodying the aims of Zionism, as adopted at the first Basel Congress of 1897. It is entitled, "The strengthening of Jewish individual dignity and national consciousness." And in connection herewith it is certainly significant to note that a strong revival of idealistic Jewish feeling has indeed taken place on the Continent of late

years, even in centres which have held generally aloof from every direct connection with Zionism.

Dr. Herzl was never tired of declaring that Anti-Semitism and his projected remedy for it had nothing to do with dogma, and little in common with religion as such. He contended that the Jewish question was, above all, a political "world question" (*eine Weltfrage*). He said:—

I believe that I understand Anti-Semitism, which is really a highly complex movement. I consider it from a Jewish standpoint, yet without fear or hatred. I believe that I can see what elements there are in it of vulgar sport, of common trade jealousy, of inherited prejudice, of religious intolerance, and also of pretended self-defence. I think the Jewish question is no more a social than a religious one, notwithstanding that it sometimes takes these and other forms. It is a national question, which can only be solved by making it a political world question to be discussed and controlled by the civilized nations of the world in council.<sup>3</sup>

Among the Jews themselves the preponderant opinion is said to be unfavorable to the chances of success of Zionism. It is held by many that even if success were feasible it would not be desirable. Still, it is unsafe to rely upon the opinion of a majority in such matters, for we know that new ideas have always excited antagonism in almost exact proportion to the greatness of their ultimate triumph.

The Jews are a tough race and not easily given to emotional hero-worship. Indeed, history records but few instances in which, since the Diaspora, they have ever rallied round a hero of their own people, or, for the matter of that, around one of any other people. For two thousand years this race of aliens has never once known that ver-

nal ecstasy which bursts forth from time to time in the life of nations with the championship of a patriotic idea. It has never experienced that militant intoxication of freemen, that periodical purging of a nation's character, in which a people may suffer defeat, but under the influence of which it more often gathers fresh force and inspiration, whether it be found on the field of battle or in the public forum. From all such interests the Jews have ever been rigorously excluded. They have known little else but the tragic fate of passive suffering and indignity. And here, all of a sudden, we note the passing away of a man of Jewish race, representing a Jewish aspiration, exciting world-wide sympathy and sorrow, expressed in innumerable memorial services, telegraphic messages and letters of condolence from every country under the sun.

It is further cited as a remarkable fact that whereas the only instances in which the Jews have ever given their children non-biblical names were 2,200 years ago, when many Jews were named "Alexander," after "Alexander the Great," a number of Jewish children have already been named after Dr. Herzl. Finally we are told of ten thousand sombre-clad men and women—without cymbal, drum or trumpet—silently gathered together in a cemetery on the skirts of the beautiful forest-covered mountains outside Vienna to bury one whom they loved. And when his words were quoted, "May my right hand wither before I forget thee, Jerusalem," the emotion of the vast crowd could no longer be contained, and more than half the assembly burst into tears. A Jewish crowd does not weep readily, and human tears, as Faust—and after him Prince Bismarck—said of human blood, are a peculiar juice! Before now ideas have obtained new life after, or even as a direct result of, the death of their founder.

<sup>3</sup> "A Jewish State," page 4.

Thus for all we know there may be the germs of life sprouting here beside the cold marble of deferred hope.

If so, Dr. Herzl will not have lived in vain. Indeed, in no case has he lived in vain. For his strenuous activity has already had the effect of awakening instincts which, once roused, do not readily die. There are hopes which we only indulge in by jeopardizing all we hold dear in life; but they are of those that live on in the hearts of others. Hope, which, the poet tells us, gleams through the fissures of coffins rent asunder; hope, the flag of which hoary old age unfurls as it sinks into the grave, this ideal kind of hope for a worthier national and individual existence Dr. Herzl roused in the hearts of hundreds of thousands of the poorest of his race. And were it but a dream now that he is gone, they would not readily relinquish it.

When Dr. Herzl had been laid to rest, some of the mourners who had come from afar went to take leave of his family. Addressing Herzl's little son, thirteen years old, one of them said, "Hans, you must remember that you have many friends abroad, in England, in Russia and in America. Wouldn't you like to send them a message?"

"Certainly I would," the boy replied.

"Well, then, what shall it be?" the other asked.

"Why, what can it be? There is only one message I could possibly send to my friends," the boy rejoined, as his dark face—the image of his father's—lit up with inspiration. "Tell them that I will do all I can to walk in the footsteps of my father."

Herzl often came to London, where he always met with an enthusiastic reception on the part of the English Zionists, among whom Sir Francis Montefiore was ever foremost. The

unofficial Viennese journalist, travelling in the cause of Zionism, held Court at the Hotel Cecil as any monarch or great officer of State might do. He was a great admirer of England, more particularly of the generous spirit of fair play which distinguishes the English race in their personal relations between man and man, notwithstanding all their insular prejudices. Generous aristocrat himself, incapable of a mean thought, much less a mean action, he appreciated generosity in others. For all that, he was afraid that the success of the English Jews in money-making, and, above all, the large increase of their number in the country, would sooner or later raise up against them that spirit of envy which is so strong an ingredient of Anti-Semitism in all countries. He frankly told the Royal Commission that the poor Jewish immigrant carries Anti-Semitism along with him in his bundle of clothes.

Some years ago a reception was given to Dr. Herzl in Whitechapel, which was attended by about seven thousand Jews, mostly foreigners. The meeting was addressed among others by Father Ignatius, who delivered an impassioned harangue in which he expressed his fervent belief in the Renaissance of Jerusalem as a City of the Jews under the leadership of a modern Joshua. This called forth a frenzy of enthusiasm. The crowd pressed round Dr. Herzl, followed him out into the Mile End Road and endeavored to kiss his hands—even his clothes. It was a demonstration of feeling not easily to be forgotten by those who witnessed it. Now that Herzl is gone, the thoughts of a friend linger o'er the memory of a lofty character. Whether the idea of a Jewish State be destined to become a reality or to remain a chimera of dreamland, it is one which only an ideal nature could have conceived.

Sidney Whitman.

## A MAN'S ATONEMENT.

The cholera was terrible that year in Aden. The oldest residents did not remember such a year before, and there has—thank heaven!—been no such experience since. Whence it came no one could tell, whether from the pilgrims, from the arid Arabian desert inland, or whether from the dhows and sambuks, with their crews of half-caste Arabs and Somalis that ply hither and thither in the blazing Red Sea. One thing was certain, that it did not come from the great galleries of the rock cisterns, whence, from before the dawn of history, Aden, or Eden, as the Arabs say, has drawn her supply of water from the hills.

Wherever it came from the pestilence was there, and men with white faces and with brown were dying daily and hourly. Aden is a sanatorium of the nearer East; and it is bad when the hospital is smitten. From the camp and the barracks, and the great fort that looks out over twenty leagues of shimmering sea, under the shadow of the circular black rock from whose summit the Empire flag flies over this lonely outpost, came every day little processions to the throb of a muffled drum; and in the native quarters the death-wail rose dismally, and thin dark faces, blank with terror or stolid with Eastern fatalism, stared on the dead as they were carried out from their midst, down the hot, narrow streets of dirty-white houses to the burial-ground. The garrison was reduced, and those who remained were marched and countermarched over the barren peninsula to keep up their hearts. And still men died, and the hot bright sunlight glared daily down on the bare unshaded rocks, which stand so lonely, rigid, and stern, to guard our highway to the East.

Among the rest, the hardworked

P.M.O. (Principal Medical Officer) died, and his assistant also, and in their turn were borne out feet foremost, covered by the flag which they had served so well, behind the muttering drums. In all the rocky peninsula there was no qualified medical man left to minister to thirty-five thousand souls who were developing cholera funk in its worst form.

On the day the P.M.O. died, a big dhow, with the wind at her heels, and tossing clouds of spray about her bows, sailed into the little league-wide bay, and dropped anchor under the guns of the fort. Into one of the boats of swarthy, sketchily clad natives which put out to her, there descended a man in European dress, yet so browned by the sun, and so lank and grave of face, that he might have passed for an Arab.

As he walked up from the beach towards the Residency, this man met the P.M.O.'s funeral, and, raising a wide rough hat of sunbaked straw, stood aside under the shelter of a narrow colonnade to watch it pass. Close beside him a couple of Somali camel-men had halted, also with their animals. One of them said something to the other as the drums thrummed sadly by.

The man in the shadow started. "What's that you say?" he asked, with sudden eagerness.

The Somali who had spoken stared in amazement at being addressed in his own tongue by a European.

"Akai (master), I said it was the soldiers' doctor," he answered, when his surprise allowed him to speak. "Allah is great!"

The man from the dhow said no more, but walked on faster when the procession had passed. By-and-by he accosted an English private.

"Is it true that the doctor is dead?"



"He was took early this morning in 'orspital. It doubled 'im up all in a minute, and he was dead inside five hours."

"Is it very bad in the town?"

"Bad! Good heavens!" The soldier stared at him fiercely.

"Where might you have come from?"

"Obbia."

"You'd best have stopped there," said the private. "You won't live long 'ere, guv'nor. It's killing of us at the double, and we've no doctor now—God 'elp us! But it's served, and we've got to eat it."

The brown-tanned man went on his way to the Residency, and, encountering the Resident himself at the doors, saluted.

"I met the doctor's funeral just now, sir. I have passed my medical examinations. I should like to offer you my services."

"Come inside," said the Resident. They went in, and the Resident, whose face was worn and anxious, looked curiously and a little suspiciously at the darkened skin, the curly hair already gray, and the careless dress of the other.

"I have not seen you before," he remarked.

"I have arrived from Obbia to-day."

"What is your name?"

"Jack Thornton. Once it was Surgeon-Major Thornton. That was ten years ago."

"Do I understand—"

"I was dismissed the service."

"Why?"

"For very good reasons, sir. But I was counted a good doctor."

"And since then—"

"I have been in Somaliland for most of the time as interpreter to the Benadir Trading Company. I happened to be born with a head for languages."

"Why have you come to me?"

The ex-surgeon-major hesitated cu-

riously and awkwardly; then looked the Resident in the face with tired gray eyes.

"You will, I daresay, put me down for a fool. I was dismissed—as I have told you. When I came to my senses I wished to go home—home to England; you understand, I had been already ten years in India. But it came to me that I could not go home—you follow me—till I had retrieved my character—till I had done something to serve the country I had disgraced. I waited, and waited, and there was nothing I could do. Then they said the cholera was raging here worse than for forty years. It came to me that this was my opportunity, for I am not young, and I wish to rest in an English churchyard. So I came, to see if I can pay my passage. I have had a lot to do with cholera, and have lived through it twice myself. Will you take me?"

"Have you your papers, Mr. Thornton?"

The applicant produced several folded papers from a worn pocket-book, and handed them to the Resident.

"An M.D. of London?" said the Resident, after examining them. There was some surprise in his tone.

Thornton nodded.

"I have cabled to Bombay and Cairo," said the Resident. "The authorities will be sending a man in the course of a week or two, though there may be a little delay. Then there is Sir James Mackinnon coming out from London to study the conditions on the spot. A brave man, Dr. Thornton!"

"And the first bacteriologist in England."

"You have kept yourself *au courant* with the doings of your profession."

"I walked the hospitals with Mackinnon. And I have had the journals sent out to me."

"Well, if you are prepared to undertake the duties, I shall be glad of your assistance till the authorities send a

new man. We none of us know whose turn it will be to-morrow. With regard to pay——"

"I fear you have misunderstood me, sir. I can take no pay. I have made some money. It is not much, but it will last the time that is left for me."

"As you please," said the Resident, a little wearily. "But you will need some sort of outfit."

"I have left a small chest on the dhow that brought me from Obbia. What else is required I shall find in the town, sir."

Accordingly it came to pass that Dr. Thornton was installed in the place of the dead man he had met on his arrival, and set to work to fight the pestilence.

Day after day he fought it, striving hand to hand, as it were, with Death. It seemed as though nothing could out-weary the doctor. Early and late he labored, going the rounds of the garrison—they would not allow him in the fort, the telegraph quarters, and the town, till even the panic-stricken, nerved or shamed by his example, took heart of grace again; though still the little daily procession wound into the burial-ground, and still the wild lament went up from the native hovels in the town. Everywhere he went the grave-faced doctor left a joke and a brave word for the faint-hearted, and where he got the jokes from was a puzzle defying solution. The Colonel, who under the Resident was second in command of the garrison, remonstrated with him for overworking himself, and, failing to convince him, confided to the Resident his fears that Thornton would kill himself off before the new man could arrive.

The Resident, meeting him one day galloping in the heat of noon to treat a fresh victim, pulled him up.

"Doctor, we shall be burying you before long," he said. "Where will the garrison be then? They tell me you

hardly eat or sleep. Man, it can't be done!"

"It's got to be done, sir!" said the doctor, reining in his lathered horse. His gray eyes flashed. "You don't understand. I'm all right. You are looking worried and worn, sir. I'll send you something to tone you up to-night. We must keep the out-works in good trim, or the enemy may jump on us unawares."

He was gone at a hand-gallop ere the pale and weary Resident could reply.

Day followed day, and the doctor hardly knew one day from another as he went about his tireless work. Gradually, very gradually, the pestilence gave way, or declined in rigor. No one had come yet from Bombay, but there had been no deaths of white men for three days, when, after three weeks, the boat which went out to receive the mails from the passing liners brought back Sir James Mackinnon.

The famous London physician landed in the morning. In the afternoon he visited the European isolation hospital, where half a dozen patients, motionless and apathetic, or tormented by horrible cramps, lay slowly recovering from the dreadful stage of collapse. Before sunset Thornton took him at his own request to see some of the stricken natives. At midnight a hurried summons brought Thornton from his quarters, and in a few minutes the plucky physician was in the throes of the awful disease in the same building he had inspected a few short hours before.

All the rest of that night Thornton spent at his side. It was well on in the morning when he left him at last to make his round of inspection and to snatch a hasty meal. "Send for me directly if he seems to grow worse," he said to the orderly in charge of the ward, for there were no army nurses in those days at Aden. Don't hesitate. Dr. Mackinnon is one of the

most valuable men we have in England, my lad, and you and I must see to it that we pull him through."

In the afternoon he was back again. Dr. Mackinnon's was a rapid case, and already the critical stage was upon him. He lay bloodless and livid, his skin cold and clammy to the touch, his eyes bloodshot and deep sunk in the sockets, his breathing well-nigh imperceptible. Thornton listened anxiously through his stethoscope; the heart of the man who but a day gone was in the prime of his strength beat now so faintly that even with the aid of the instrument he could barely detect its pulsations. The brave physician lay far in the shadow of death. The very juices of his life seemed dried at their source.

In such a case the minutes are big with fateful possibility. Thornton sat by the bedside, watching with tense and almost painful eagerness his unconscious patient, and from time to time glancing at his watch. Would the longed-for reaction ever set in, and his life, so priceless to his country, be saved to continue its career of usefulness and to bring forth yet more beneficent fruits of humanitarian research? Or would the lingering spark die out altogether, and one of the greatest benefactors of his race lie here, where he had come to help, a useless sacrifice on the altar of humanity?

An hour passed, and there was no change; two hours, and still the coma lasted, and still Thornton kept desperate vigil, while the orderly glanced at him from time to time with a quiet curiosity.

But the long tension was relieved at last. Faintly, very faintly, the signs of life returned into the corpse-like face, the livid hues faded, and the death-like set of the features relaxed.

Thornton wiped the sweat from his

own face and rose, giving the orderly directions as he passed out. The crisis was over, and care and the physician's constitution would do the rest.

Crossing the parade-ground he met the Colonel.

"Hullo, Thornton, seen your new colleague yet?"

"What colleague, Colonel?"

"Finlayson—Surgeon-Major. Just landed from the *Indus*. I say, how's Sir James Mackinnon?"

"He has pulled through the worst. I think he will live."

"Good business! By Jove! it would never do to let a man like that lose his life chasing germs in this God-forsaken hole. The country owes you something, doctor. I suppose we shall be losing you now Finlayson has come?"

"Yes, I suppose so. I'm glad I have paid my passage."

"You have your programme ready? We shall be sorry to lose you, Dr. Thornton. Upon my word I don't like to think of the mess we should have been in if you had not taken us in hand. The men were getting into a thorough blue funk."

Thornton thanked the Colonel and walked on till he found himself on the barren, sunbaked black hills above the town. From an eminence he looked over the town and the sea, at the small shipping in the Back-bay, and at the diminishing bulk of a big steamer, which he judged to be the *Indus*. His face, as he gazed after her longingly, had a far-away look. She was homeward bound from India. It was nearly twenty years since he had seen England.

Returning from his walk he found everything going well in the ward, where he introduced himself to his successor. A few hours had made all the difference to Sir James Mackinnon; and though he was still at death's door from utter prostration, his face was

now turned away from it. Thornton went to his quarters and flung himself down to sleep.

There would be no homeward vessel calling for a fortnight. The European quarter was practically free now, but there were still frequent deaths from cholera among the composite native population, among whom the plague continued to rage. Thornton took leave of the Resident and the officers of the garrison, and established himself among the frightened Arabs and Somalis, finding lodgment among them so as not to carry the infection back to his fellows.

Day by day he continued to fight the abating pestilence that was devouring the unclean, ignorant natives. Their sullen suspicions succumbed before the ministrations of one who could abuse them roundly in their own tongue while risking his life to cure them. Scowling dark faces relaxed as he passed; his ears were saluted with "Mort, mort!" (welcome) as he paced the narrow alleys on his saving mission; and now and again he would be blessed with a grateful "Kul liban, aban," by victims he had dragged from the clutch of the pestilence.

On the day before the steamer was due Thornton passed through the European quarter to make some necessary purchases. He stood bargaining in a store, and while he was yet speaking a horrid spasm seized him. Gasping at the pain, he grasped for support at the door, and turned white with sudden apprehension. A second spasm took him as he turned to leave the place, and in half an hour he was in the cholera ward. Finlayson, the new garrison doctor, shook his head when he saw him.

"Poor devil, I don't think he has the stamina to pull through. He looks worn out. And it strikes me that this is not his first bout."

The orderly, who had conceived an

affection for the quiet, gray-haired man to whom the garrison owed so much, tended him like a brother to the very end. His agony was short and sharp. "Is the ship come?" he groaned once in delirium. "I've paid my passage."

The orderly reported the phrase to the Colonel, when he came to ask after the patient, and had to be told that he was gone. The Colonel repeated it again to the Resident, who came on the same errand. "And the ship had just dropped her anchor in the Bay," he commented. "We owe him something for pulling us through a tight pinch."

"It was a man's work," said the Resident, "and manfully done. He told me he was a soldier in his time, but they kicked him out of the army. He didn't tell me why. God knows. He wanted to lie in an English churchyard."

"Poor beggar!" said the Colonel.

"Cover him with the flag," said the Resident, "and lay him among the regiment."

So it came to pass that Dr. Thornton too was borne out on a gun carriage when the time came—and came quickly in that warm climate—for his last journey.

"God rest his soul!" said the Colonel. "By Jove, look at the niggers! They're coming to the funeral."

"Well they may! He gave them his life," said the Resident.

"Pity to waste it so," the Colonel commented.

"I don't know," said the Resident slowly. "We have sown a few lives like this up and down the Empire. They bring us a better harvest than Maxim bullets, in the long run."

Timidly, and at a respectful distance, a motley crowd of skinny half-caste Arabs and wild high-cheeked Somalis hung on the flanks of the procession.

"Wa-wa! brother," said a ragged camel-driver to his mate. "The cursed

drum shakes my heart. Why do the unbelievers beat the war drum over their dead?"

"It is to drive away the spirits, fool, of those the warrior has slain."

"But this was no warrior."

"I know not. But he was a true man, and laughed in the eyes of death. He saved my son, brother."

*Good Words.*

"See—they are at the burying-place! Allah give him paradise!"

A volley rang out over the grave.

"Ekh! That is for the evil spirits! Wa-wa, brothers, he is gone! Allah akbar!"

And from the huddled crowd of natives there went up a long-drawn, doleful cry.

*Richard Popsue.*

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### IS THE ORATOR BORN OR MADE

Can the great gift of oratory, the art of giving to noble thought worthy expression in spoken language, or even the lesser faculty of pleasant, attractive, persuasive speaking, be taught or acquired, or is it entirely an inborn endowment by nature? One night at the famous Literary Club, of which we are told so much by Boswell, the subject of conversation was a speech that Edmund Burke had just delivered in the House of Commons. Goldsmith asserted that "speechifying was all a knack," and rashly declared he could make as good an oration as Burke any day. The company, playfully taking him at his word, demanded a proof of his oratorical powers. The poet instantly mounted to a chair, and began a speech; but after a few minutes his powers of ready thought and expression were exhausted. "Well," said he, jumping down, "I find this won't do; therefore I'll write my speech." "No, Doctor," said the company; "we don't question your talents for writing, it was speaking you engaged for." "Well, well," responded Goldsmith, unwilling to admit himself beaten, "I'm out of luck now; but you may depend upon it, as I said before, that oratory is a mere knack, which any man of education may practice with success in a very little time."

Unquestionably, the orator, like the

poet, the painter, the man of letters, is born, not made. There are certain qualities which must be native to a man if he is to become an orator. From what we know of Goldsmith, with his self-consciousness, and stutter, and awkwardness, and confusion of utterance, it is impossible to suppose that he could ever have attained a mastery of the art of spontaneous, graceful, and impressive utterance. In truth, success in oratory requires a rare union of mental and physical gifts which, if they are not conferred by Nature on a man at his birth, he can never acquire by study, or practice, or discipline. He must have a ready command of language; he must have a well-regulated and most retentive memory; he must have imagination, passion, emotion. These mental qualities, which are absolutely essential to the orator, are natural endowments. Then come the outward graces of oratory—the striking presence; the clear and plastic voice, capable of conveying varied inflections of feeling; the distinct enunciation; the happy dramatic gesture. These physical qualifications are, perhaps, not absolutely indispensable to the orator, but they are all highly valuable adjuncts to the mental endowments; and some of them, such as enunciation and gesture, may be acquired. We all know how Demosthenes combated



and overcame his impediment of speech. The picture of the greatest orator of antiquity speaking with his mouth full of pebbles while he ran uphill, or declaiming to the surging sea waves, in order to cure his stutter, is not without a touch of the ludicrous. Macready, the actor, while staying at an hotel in the provinces, locked himself up in his bedroom, and for two hours shouted "Murder!" in varying tones of voice. The terror of the occupants of the hotel was extreme; the proprietor was alarmed for the good name of his establishment, and when, at last, Macready opened the door and explained, "I am endeavoring to find the one intonation which will produce the effect I desire," the wonder is that the infuriated company did not compel him to shout "Murder!" as it comes from a man stricken with the fear that death by violence is imminent. The tone and pitch of the voice are of the highest importance in oratory, and even an ordinary voice can, by practice, be made an effective instrument of the art, capable of swaying, arousing, calming an audience; but perhaps most people with oratorical ambitions, but lacking declamatory power, would prefer to retain their deficiency than to remedy it by the methods of Demosthenes and Macready.

There have been instances of men who attained to high position and commanding influence in Parliament by their oratory, despite physical defects of voice and manner and person. William Wilberforce was a little man, with a thin, shrill voice. Boswell, who heard him at York, thus inelegantly describes him: "I saw what seemed a mere *shrimp* mount upon the table; but, as I listened, he grew and grew until the *shrimp* became a whale." Henry Grattan had some odd oratorical mannerisms. "He bent his body almost to the ground, swung his arms over his head, up and down and around

him," says Charles Phillips; "and added to the grotesqueness of his manner a hesitating tone and a drawling emphasis." Richard Lalor Shell thrilled the Irish people in the movement for Catholic Emancipation, despite his dwarfish frame and his shrill, irritating voice, which has been likened to "something between the yell of a peacock and the squeak of a slate pencil." Lord John Russell was a frail little man, with a weak voice and an affected mincing manner. But these examples of men who, though Nature had been niggardly to them in the bestowal of physical gifts, achieved the highest successes in oratory are exceedingly rare. Dr. Johnson, indeed, ridiculed the notion that gesture or action contributes to the force and persuasiveness of oratory. "Neither the judges of our laws, nor the representatives of our people," he writes in one of his "Idler" papers, "would be much affected by labored gesticulations, or believe any man the more because he rolled his eyes, or puffed his cheeks, or spread abroad his arms, or stamped the ground, or thumped his breast, or turned his eyes sometimes to the ceiling and sometimes to the floor." Surely the Doctor saw only one-half of the point. Of course, ungainly movements of the hands and grotesque facial contortions would transform the most sublime utterances of the orator into nonsense the most ridiculous. It is unquestionable, however, that gesture, graceful and dignified and appropriate to the subject, enhances the effect of eloquence. My experience as a Parliamentary reporter is that in the achievement of the main purpose of oratory, which is the influencing of the audience, manner is often more important than matter. The great charm and power of the art lies not so much in what the speech contains as in how it is delivered.

But even if a man have all the natu-

ural gifts of oratory, success in their application can only be obtained by the most sedulous training. The greatest Parliamentary orators labored indefatigably to perfect their native accomplishments, mental and physical, by persistent and laborious practice and discipline, so that they might produce their happiest effects. For days before an important speech their minds were absorbed in it, in its matter and form, and in its manner of delivery. A full mastery of the subject was obtained; the speech was arranged under heads with a view to a clear and logical development of the argument; an ease of manner was studied; the modulations of the voice, the varied looks, the appropriate gestures were so rehearsed that they might seem, at the psychological moment, unpremeditated and spontaneous.

Perhaps the nervousness, the fears, the terrors which the thought even of addressing a public meeting inspire in most people is the greatest bar to effective speaking. It is a familiar experience, yet a curious phenomenon, that a man who, while sitting in a chair, has a steady flow of ideas and words is embarrassed and struck dumb if he stand on his feet to address the company, or, at best, can command only a stumbling vocabulary to express his reluctant ideas. Orators would probably be quite common if it were the custom to speak in public sitting down. At a literary dinner where Tennyson's health was proposed, the poet, pleading his inability to make a formal speech, returned thanks without rising from his chair. "Why, you are making a speech," said Serjeant Telfourd, who was presiding. "Yes," answered Tennyson; "but not upon my legs." The capacity for thinking readily on one's legs is difficult to acquire. Gladstone had it. He thought out, it is stated, most of his speeches while he was on his feet. "Well," as somebody

said, "it was the only leisure time he had for thinking." But addressing Parliament has its terrors for even the most practised orators. "I have seen," said Lord Dufferin, "the late Earl of Derby, one of the most eloquent, courageous, and successful speakers that ever charmed the two Houses of Parliament, tremble throughout his frame at the commencement of one of his great speeches. I have seen a Lord Chancellor of England completely lose the thread of his discourse, and, sitting down, confess that he had done so; and I have heard another very famous orator rolling forth platitude after platitude in the most hopeless manner, simply because he could not, for the life of him, hit off a satisfactory peroration." There is a way of obtaining self-confidence, or rather of losing self-consciousness; but it cannot well be recommended to diffident speakers. It is illustrated in the story which Horace Walpole tells of a wonderful speech by Charles Townshend in the House of Commons in 1767. "It was all wit and folly, satire and indiscretion," says Walpole. In plain truth, Townshend was drunk, according to the gossip. "It was a proof that his abilities were superior to those of all men, and his judgment below that of any man," says Walpole. "It shows him capable of being, and unfit to be, first Minister. The House was in a roar of rapture, and some clapped their hands with ecstasy, like an audience in a theatre. In this speech he beat Lord Chatham in language, Burke in metaphors, Grenville in presumption, Rigby in impudence, himself in folly, and everybody in good-humor."

It is a mistake for a speaker to trust too much to the fertility and readiness of his mental resources. Memory is treacherous. A sudden failure of recollection is a predicament into which even the most practised and self-confident speakers may fall. From the

Reporters' Gallery of the House of Commons, last Session, I have seen Mr. Balfour at the table pause in the course of a free and flowing speech, and, fumbling for a moment among his notes, turn round to his colleagues on the Treasury Bench and ask, in an audible voice, "What is it that I was saying?" Mr. Austen Chamberlain having supplied the cue, "Ah, yes," said Mr. Balfour, and proceeded to develop the argument. Lord Rosebery delivered a very important speech at the Albert Hall on the evil of the General Election of 1894, at which I was present as a reporter. During the cheers which greeted one of his eloquent periods the noble lord was heard inquiring of his supporters on the platform, "What was my last sentence?" These curious instances of forgetfulness in great speakers with retentive memories are, perhaps, unexplainable. Something happens to snap the continuity of the argument—perhaps the mind wanders for a moment—and the speaker cannot restore the connection without being prompted. Another catastrophe into which especially the unready and self-conscious speaker falls is that of becoming hopelessly lost in a sentence. He begins the sentence, clumsily perhaps, and then gets so entangled in its meshes that he cannot get out of it gracefully, and is compelled to drop it altogether. Such a speaker ought certainly to write out his speech and learn it by heart. But this precaution will not always save him from disaster. It sometimes happens that a speech committed to memory, and repeated fluently and gracefully in the privacy of his own room, or during a solitary walk, is forgotten by the nervous speaker at that dreadful moment when he stands up to deliver it. His intense consciousness of the audience, with their attention concentrated upon him—watching his every gesture, as he thinks, criticising his every expression

—fills him with consternation and paralyzes his mental powers. But if careful preparation for public speaking is not always effectual in the case of the timid man, without that precaution he is doomed to ignominious failure.

There is ample evidence to show that most of the greatest Parliamentary orators carefully prepared their speeches. It is said, indeed, that Charles James Fox trusted to what is called the inspiration of the moment. Edward Gibbon, in a letter to Lord Sheffield, February 8, 1771, tells how Fox, then only twenty-three years of age, spent the eve of a debate in the House of Commons on a motion for relieving the clergy of the Established Church from subscribing to the Thirty-Nine Articles, in which he delivered a powerful speech. "Charles Fox," says the historian, "prepared himself for that holy work by passing twenty-two hours in the pious exercise of Hazard. His devotion cost him only about five hundred pounds an hour—in all, eleven thousand pounds." Horace Walpole also describes the statesman as often sitting up all night gambling and drinking at Newmarket, and next day, in the House of Commons, making a brilliant speech. No doubt Fox, with his natural oratorical abilities—his well-stored mind, his perfect self-command, his ready and copious language—was able to speak extempore and effectively on any of the political subjects of the day. But in reading his speeches we see, in tiresome repetitions and diffuse and ragged sentences, the woful effects of this lack of premeditation. The truth remains that in Parliamentary history cases of men who have been able to deliver long speeches, and at the same time good speeches, without any previous elaborate preparation, are the exceptions and not the rule. Brougham, in a letter addressed in 1823 to Zachary

Macaulay, confesses that he composed the peroration of his speech to the House of Lords at the trial of Queen Caroline after reading and repeating Demosthenes for three or four weeks, and wrote it "twenty times over at least." It remained Brougham's habit, throughout his long Parliamentary career, carefully to write out all his speeches, and even to submit the manuscripts to his friends for corrections and improvements. Moore, in his biography of Sheridan, gives an interesting glimpse of that orator at work in the preparation of his speeches. "He never made a speech of any moment of which the sketch, more or less detailed, has not been found among his papers," says Moore, "with the showier passages generally written two or three times over (often without any material change in their form) upon small detached pieces of paper or on cards." Even the points of the speech at which he was to be hurried into apparently impromptu outbursts of passion were precisely arranged. "To such minutiae of effect did he attend," Moore writes, "that I have found in more than one instance a memorandum made of the precise place in which the words 'Good God, Mr. Speaker' were to be introduced." Indeed, it was suspected in the House of Commons that Sheridan had jests, and figures of speech, and sarcasms, and retorts carefully prepared and learned by rote, waiting for the opportunity to fire them off, or creating the occasion himself, when it was slow to come in the natural course of things. Pitt once taunted him with his "hoarded repartees and matured jests," and we now know how well-founded was the charge.

But though we laugh at the oratorical tricks of poor Sheridan, as disclosed by his biographer, similar devices have been practised by all great speakers. "Nothing can be done with-

out a great deal of pains," said Canning to John Wilson Croker. "I prepare very much on many subjects. A great part of this is lost and never comes into play; but sometimes an opportunity arises when I can bring in something I have ready, and I always perceive the much greater effect of these passages upon the House." When Canning was about to make an important speech his whole mind was absorbed in it for days beforehand. "He spared no labor," we are told, "either in obtaining or in arranging his materials. He always drew up a paper (which he used in the House) with the heads, in their order, of the several topics on which he meant to touch, and these heads were numbered, and the numbers sometimes extended to four or five hundred." This seems to be the course that is generally adopted by Parliamentary orators—the preparation of a skeleton of the speech, with the subject arranged under various heads, interspersed with several of the principal sentences fully set forth—rather than the plan of writing out every word of the speech and committing it to memory. William Conyngham Plunket, the celebrated Irish Parliamentarian of the early decades of the nineteenth century, told his fellow-countryman, Richard Lalor Sheil, another noted orator, that he previously prepared the principal passages, which he used, he said, as "a kind of rhetorical stepping-stones" to carry him through his speech. Lord Lyndhurst made a similar confession. "I do not write my speeches," said he to a friend. "My practice is to think my subject over to any extent you please; but, with the exception of certain phrases which necessarily grow out of the process of thinking, I am obliged to leave the wording of my argument to the moment of delivery."

As a rule, members of Parliament invest their methods of preparing their

speeches in mystery. They desire to convey the impression that their oratory is absolutely spontaneous, even when their pockets are bulging with the manuscripts of their speeches. John Bright, however, was perfectly open and candid on the point. On the invitation of a correspondent, curious as to the ways of orators, he made an interesting disclosure of his procedure. When he intended to speak on a matter of importance, he considered what it was that he wished to impress on his audience, and then made notes for his speech. "I do not write my facts or my arguments," he said, "but make notes on two, or three, or four slips of note-paper, giving the line of argument and the facts as they occur to my mind, and I leave the words to come at call when I am speaking. There are occasionally short passages which for accuracy I may write down, as sometimes also—almost invariably—the concluding words or sentences may be written." This preparation, as his intimate friends knew, was to him a trying and painful ordeal. He brooded for days over the speech. As arguments and illustrations occurred to him, he liked to try their effect on his acquaintances; and when at home, if nobody else was within reach, he discoursed with his gardener, so that the speech took shape in conversation. Then he prepared his notes for use in speaking in the way described to the correspondent. The late Lord Dufferin was also perfectly frank with respect to the labor he bestowed upon the preparation of his speeches. "I remember," he said, "many years ago I was entrusted by the late Lord Palmerston with the duty of moving the Address in the House of Lords on the assembling of Parliament after the death of Prince Albert. The occasion was a most sad and solemn one, for the principal subject of my discourse was the national loss we had so recently sustained. I

felt that were I to trust to the inspiration of the moment, or even to such perfunctory methods of preparation as are generally adopted, it might very well happen not only that I should fail to give adequate expression to my own feelings, and to the feelings of the august assembly of whose grief I had been appointed the interpreter, but that there might fall from my lips some unhappy and incongruous phrase which would jar disagreeably on the ears of everyone present, and expose me to well-merited censure and reproach. Accordingly, I at once sat down and wrote out every word of my speech, and learnt it so carefully by heart that I knew no untoward accident or interruption could interfere with its delivery, and in this way, though it lasted an hour and a half, I was able, without once looking at a note, to go through it without accident to the end."

This zeal and industry on the part of the young orator must have appealed to Lord Palmerston. He did not believe in a speaker relying upon "the spur of the moment." In the course of an attack upon the Administration of Sir Robert Peel in 1842, Palmerston referred to Lord Stanley (afterwards Earl of Derby) as having made "a very good offhand speech." "No man," he added, "is a better offhand debater than the noble lord." But he continued, "Offhand debaters are sometimes apt to say whatever may come into their heads on the spur of the moment without stopping to consider—as they would do if they had time—whether what they are going to say is strictly consistent with the facts to which it applies." He then told a story of a "celebrated Minister of a far country" who instructed one of his supporters to make a certain statement with respect to a foreign Power. The member pleaded that the statement was not strictly consistent with the



fact. "Never mind that," cried the Minister. "What in the world does that signify? It is a good thing to say, and take care you say it." "That Minister," said Lord Palmerston, "would, I think, have made not a bad offhand debater in this House." Now, it must be said that the careful preparation of a speech gives no guarantee that what the speech contains is the exact truth. If a man be bent on lying, the more time he has to think the more plausibly will he lie. The objection to the "offhand debater"—the speaker who relies on the impulse of the moment—is not that what he says is necessarily inconsistent with facts, but that what he says, be it falsehood or the truth, logical or illogical, foolishness or reason, is likely to be devoid of those qualities of oratory which make a speech always charming to an audience, if not convincing. Richard Cobden, one of the most natural and artless orators the House of Commons has ever seen, declared that he needed no previous preparation before rising to speak. In the course of a public letter to the Press in 1864, he said: "It is known that I am not in the habit of writing a word beforehand of what I speak in public. Like other speakers, practice has given me as perfect self-possession in the presence of an audience as if I were writing in my closet." "Like other speakers"! Cobden was really unlike other speakers if it be true, as he suggests, that he did not even prepare notes in which his thoughts and his arguments were arranged in the order in which he intended to use them. Even Gladstone, the most ready and voluble Parliamentary orator of the nineteenth century—fluent and effective even on subjects which unexpectedly arose for discussion in the House of Commons—took considerable trouble in the case of a set oration. I have often looked down from the Reporters' Gallery on

the notes which he spread out on the despatch-box on the table when he rose to deliver an important speech. The notes were always written on half-sheets of note-paper, evidently prepared in his study when he sat down to think out the nature and the course of his remarks. There were a number of phrases, three or four words in each, scrawled in large characters and widely separated from each other, as guides to the channel in which his arguments were to run; and occasionally between these catch phrases was a sentence of a striking character, fully written out, or a damaging quotation from a speech of an opponent. When he had occasion to consult these notes he would pause for a moment in his speech, raise a piece of note-paper to the light, and, holding his folding glasses to his eyes, refer to it, ejaculating, "Well, Mr. Speaker," and then, laying the sheet on the despatch-box again, proceed to deal with another branch of the subject. I have often watched him, too, as he sat on the Treasury Bench, preparing on the scene of action the speech with which he was to conclude a great debate. He collected his ideas in his mind as he listened to the attack of his opponent. With blotting-pad on knee, provided with three or four sheets of House of Commons note-paper, and quill pen in hand, he would jot down the heads, or catch-words, of his speech, five or six lines on each single sheet, and then ponder over them, altering them, or adding to them, and distinguishing their importance by underscoring them with lines. When the notes of his speech were arranged to his satisfaction he would place them on the despatch-box, and, leaning back carelessly in his seat, follow attentively the concluding remarks of his opponent.

Thus, by assiduous preparation, by the exercise of a capacity for taking pains, have reputations for oratory

been won in the Parliamentary arena. It may be said that a man who has something to say on a subject of which he knows a good deal will never fail to make a successful speech. But that is not so. A man may have studied a subject deeply and yet be unable to find the words and phrases to express himself when he faces an audience. It is not matter, not thought, that he lacks, but language. There are in Parliament men of ideas without fluency of language, and men with a command of words without thought. Goldsmith and Tennyson were men of the highest intellectuality, yet, as is shown in the anecdotes I have related, the faculty of expression—the ready response of the tongue to the thought—was wanting, and consequently they were unable to address an audience with grace and finish. For members of Parliament who cannot readily disentangle their ideas, who cannot give instantaneous utterance to their thoughts, the wisest course is to follow the example of Macaulay, who wrote out his speeches, committed them to memory, and then delivered them, with an ease that seemed spontaneous, to an admiring House of Commons. Only by such a method can a speech assume a well-defined and orderly shape, be expressed with clearness and precision, in the most apt and telling words.

But prudent though it be for most speakers to write out their speeches beforehand and commit them to memory, there are dangers attending the practice against which it would be well to guard. Never send the manuscript of a speech to the newspapers before it has been actually delivered. Richard Lalor Sheil—as I have said, one of the greatest of the Irish masters of oratory—arranged to address a public meeting in support of Catholic Emancipation on Pennenden Heath, in Kent. Before leaving London he gave

a copy of his speech to the "Morning Chronicle," and next day it was published in that newspaper. But the speech was never delivered. The meeting was broken up by a hostile crowd, and Sheil had to retreat from the Heath with his burning periods unspoken. Disraeli, in his novel, *The Young Duke*, makes a very pertinent comment on this episode. "Mr. Sheil's speech in Kent was a fine oration," he says, "and the boobies who taunted him with having got it by rote were not aware that in doing so he wisely followed the example of Pericles, Demosthenes, Cicero, Cæsar, and every great orator of antiquity." The novelist might have added, "and every famous Parliamentarian of modern times, including Benjamin Disraeli." The habit of writing his speeches got Disraeli into a more serious predicament than that of Sheil, to which he refers so sympathetically. The Duke of Wellington died in September 1852. The Conservatives were in office, and Disraeli, as leader of the House of Commons, pronounced the eulogy which is customary on the demise of a great statesman. On the publication of the oration it was discovered that the splendid passages dealing with the military character of Wellington were taken word for word without the slightest acknowledgment, from an article written by Thiers on a French soldier, Marshal St. Cyr, close on a quarter of a century before. The political opponents of Disraeli denounced him as a quack, a prating impostor, a pilferer of other peoples brains. The statesman gave no explanation of this curious circumstance. But the *Times* stated in his defence—probably inspired—that he had copied the passage into his commonplace book, and forgotten its source. That, no doubt, is exactly what happened. Disraeli thought he might safely transfer the passages to his written oration. Another amusing

accident, due to the precaution of writing a speech, occurred not many years ago in the House of Commons. At the time there happened to be two members named Power in the Irish Party. John wrote out a most eloquent speech, which he proposed to deliver in an approaching Irish debate, and sent it, beforehand, to a Dublin daily newspaper. On the night of the debate the other Power, Richard, succeeded in first "catching the Speaker's eye," and next morning the Dublin daily newspaper, assuming it was John that had spoken, came out with the report, five columns long, of a grand speech, which, though it was plentifully supplied with "Cheers," "Loud laughter," "Hear, hear," and "Cries of 'No, no,'" had never been delivered. That night, when copies of the Dublin daily newspaper were delivered at the House of Commons, John had to endure a good deal of banter. Yet he got up boldly in the House at a later stage, amid roars of derisive cheers and laughter, and proceeded to deliver an entirely different speech, but quite as able and eloquent as the one he had sent to the newspaper.

Longman's Magazine.

The effect of ready-made, cut-and-dry speeches is undoubtedly often disappointing. They have, as it were, a stale smell, these outbursts of indignation and scorn, a week old, perhaps. The reason is that some speakers make no attempt even to simulate spontaneity. Practiced debaters give the suggestion of ready, off-hand inspiration to their carefully prepared speeches, conveying the illusion that their thoughts are coming red-hot from their brain, by dextrously using fresh matter suggested by the arguments of speakers on the other side of the question, by declaiming in tones of voice which tell of a mind in deep emotion, and by other artful dodges for concealing art. But prepared apostrophes like the "Good God, Mr. Speaker!" of Sheridan, have a most ludicrous effect when they slip out at an inappropriate moment. Once in the midst of the silence of an almost empty and certainly an inattentive House of Commons, a member addressing it exclaimed: "In vain does your clamor try to stifle my voice; your rude howls do not intimidate me."

*Michael MacDonagh.*

## LYCHGATE HALL.

A ROMANCE.

BY M. E. FRANCIS.

### CHAPTER XIV.

#### MASTER ROBERT RECEIVES CHASTISEMENT AND SIR JOCELYN A REBUFF.

After a week or two the place had settled down to its customary quiet; the strangers had gone home again, and our own folks had recovered from the effects of their merry-making and had returned to work, the elders somewhat crusty, the juniors a trifle dull.

In my case the holidays had not been prolonged, and I went backwards and forwards between the office and The Delf without any break in the monotony of my life, until one evening about the middle of the month.

My Uncle had entrusted me with a message for Mrs. Dorothy; some trifling injunction about the mending of a pump or the cleaning of a drain, and I, not ill-pleased at the opportunity for

conversing with her, and hearing perchance news of him whom we both loved, set forth after supper to deliver it.

As I turned into the lane which skirted her land and was leisurely pursuing my way, feeling the fresh air grateful after the closeness of the office—indeed, our own parlor had been warm enough that night, for my mother had been ironing some of her fine laces there—and thinking within myself how that foolish wench Patty would have relished the singing of the birds, I was suddenly startled by the sound of raised voices at a little distance from me. A woman's voice—Dorothy's voice—uplifted in wrath and scorn.

"Sir! have you no sense of honor or decency that you presume thus to insult me?"

And then Master Robert's odious tones.

"I vow, my Charmer, you are too cruel. Why should your poor Slave alone be held at arm's length? You could be kind enough on half-an-hour's acquaintance to that town gallant, and Sir Jocelyn seems to think——"

"It is false!" cried she. "Keep your distance, Sir! Oh! you unmanly wretch——"

Then came a scream, and before the sound died away I had rushed round the corner of the lane and gripped Master Robert by the collar just as he had ventured to place his hateful arm round Mrs. Dorothy's waist.

Without pausing to reflect I was proceeding to belabor him with might and main, when the sound of my name called in a commanding tone caused me to look round, and I saw Sir Jocelyn trotting towards us on his tall black horse.

"So!" he cried, "what is this? What is the meaning of this brawl? Luke Wright, how came you to forget yourself so far as to lay hands upon Mr. Bilsborough?"

"Sir Jocelyn," I cried hotly, "I must chastise any man who ventures to insult a defenceless woman, and that woman my neighbor and friend!"

"How now!" cried he, looking eagerly about him, "is Mrs. Ullathorne here?"

"I have just forced this gentleman to release her," I returned, "and I presume while I was chastising him she has made her way homewards."

Raising himself in his stirrups Sir Jocelyn looked over the hedge and caught sight, I suppose, of Dorothy's vanishing figure, for he looked back at his Kinsman with a very dark face.

"'Tis an ugly tale this that I hear about you, Cousin," said he. "What, man! Could you be so base as to force yourself upon that unprotected creature? By Heaven, you do deserve a thrashing!"

"I vow, Cousin," returned Master Bilsborough, shaking himself and smoothing his disordered attire, "I vow 'tis a calumny. This young ruffian made a most unprovoked attack upon me. I was discoursing Mrs. Ullathorne with some idle gallantry I confess, but surely such is to be excused in the company of a young and lovely woman. I'll swear there was no harm——"

"You made her scream as how 'tis," I interrupted. "You had your arm round her waist in spite of her struggles, and you was trying to kiss her against her will."

"And so you gave him a drubbing, friend Luke?" said Sir Jocelyn, and his hawk eyes shot flames. "Thou'rt a lad of sense. I think the best to be done is to continue operations."

Master Robert started back with a kind of scream like a hare in the jaws of a hound, and the sound turned me sick.

"I can't thrash him in cold blood!" I cried. "Let him off wi' his coat and fight me. Let him stand up to me like a man!"

"Will you fight him, Robert?" asked Sir Jocelyn, still with that gleam in his eye.

"Damnation! Fight him! What are you thinking of, Sir Jocelyn? I fight this clodhopper? Nay, but I'll have him in the Stocks for his impudence!"

"You knave!" exclaimed Sir Jocelyn, riding close up to him. "You base villain! Had you shown a spark of manliness I might have spared you, but being what you are—a cur—you shall take a cur's punishment."

And with that he lashed him across the shoulders several times with his horsewhip, with such a fierce look on his face the while that I was fairly appalled. His anger was just, no doubt, and had not he chanced to come up Master Robert had as like as not suffered as much and more at my own hands; but to see the fellow stand—he, a grown man—unresisting while Sir Jocelyn whipped him, was so revolting a sight that I could not forbear beseeching the Baronet to stay his hand.

"Well, then, I have done!" cried he. "Go! cur, and remember that curs are not only beaten when they deserve it, but sometimes driven from the door!"

And while Master Robert slunk off Sir Jocelyn, still in a white heat of anger, broke his whip and tossed it from him, because, he said, he would insult no honest nag by using it upon him after such service as it had done that day.

I suppose my face bore some impress of my feelings for he looked at me curiously, and presently laughed.

"You did not think I had it in me to be so savage, eh, Luke?" cried he.

"Indeed I did not," said I, and I could hear that my voice was unsteady.

"I take a deal of rousing," he went on, "but when roused I am a very devil. Think of it, lad—that beautiful girl—that poor lonely girl! No better protection than an infirm old man. Oh, it makes my blood boil! I must to her

and apologize. She must learn at once how I condemn such base insolence as this."

He turned towards Lychgate, and I walked beside his horse in silence till we came to the house, where he dismounted, throwing the reins to me.

"I shall not keep you above a minute," said he. "I have no wish to force myself upon her—merely to crave her pardon."

But Malachi arriving declared that his Mistress was in the garden, and as he took the horse from me I made bold to accompany Sir Jocelyn thither. Indeed he invited me to do so, saying, with that sudden smile of his which made his dark face so pleasant:—

"Come with me, Luke, and satisfy thyself that all is as thou wouldst have it—thou are a lover of fair play, I know; I would not steal a march on thee."

"I don't know what you mean, Sir Jocelyn," said I awkwardly.

"What!" he returned, "would you deny that you are one of the band of worshippers?"

"Indeed, Sir Jocelyn," I returned, you would make me out too presumptuous."

"Why, did you not own your devotion to me when Mrs. Ullathorne and I had that little dispute in the road?" he interrupted.

"Since then I have come to know her better," I answered, "and the more I know of her the more I see how far she is above me, Sir Jocelyn."

"Yet she lives in as plain a style as the rest of you," he remarked musingly. "She works, too, with her own hands like any dairymaid, does she not?"

"She does indeed skim the cream and make the butter, I believe," I replied, "but for all that I think she is a great lady, Sir Jocelyn."

"Why, faith, so do I!" cried he, and he clapped me on the shoulder. "Thou



art a wise lad of thy years, Luke, and hast learned thy lesson quickly and well. Keep thy distance by all means."

And with that he pushed open the garden gate and walked in front of me along the narrow path.

Though Mrs. Dorothy's garden was still somewhat unkempt, a profusion of flowers now grew in it, and the evening air was sweet with them. To calm her spirits, I suppose, she had taken refuge in the little arbor at the further end, but came forth at sound of approaching steps.

"Madam," said Sir Jocelyn, bowing low, "I intrude on you but for a moment to apologize most humbly for the treatment you have just now received at the hands of a member of my household."

She stood for some time surveying him in silence, looking very straight and tall in her plain black gown, her face seeming more pale than usual to my fancy, though at this twilight hour I was not perhaps competent to judge. After a bit she gave an impatient sigh and said stiffly:—

"Well, Sir, I suppose I must accept your apology, though I cannot forget that you yourself have given the example of disrespect to me. The proverb says truly, 'Like Master, like Man'."

"It does not hold good here, however," returned Sir Jocelyn eagerly. "I assure you most solemnly, Madam, that no one could respect you more than I do."

"Words are idle things," said she sharply. "I have not forgotten, if you have, your insolence to me on two occasions. Mr. Bilsborough was present at the first, and no doubt learned from you how safe it was to insult a friendless girl."

I saw Sir Jocelyn wince; he drew back, and it was a moment before he spoke again. Then:—

"You are too severe, Madam," he

said, "I admit, indeed, that I was in fault at that early stage of our acquaintance, but I assure you *insult* is too strong a word to use. I may have permitted myself more freedom of manner then, when I was foolish enough to be deceived by appearances, than I should have ventured upon had I realized, as I do now, that your rank was equal to my own. Surely we have been very good friends of late since I have discovered your secret—"

She threw out both her hands as if to ward off a blow.

"What do you mean?" she cried.

"Why, that I have found out what requires no very sharp wits to discover, since even honest Luke here has likewise penetrated the mystery. That you are masquerading."

I saw her lips move, but no sound came forth; her eyes were widely opened as with horror.

"Do you not think," he said gently, "that we should be dolts were we to take you at your own valuation? Mrs. Dorothy Ullathorne, the dairywoman, who is content to dwell in this tumble-down place so that the rent be small enough to allow her to make a living by her industry! You would have us accept you contentedly as such, asking no questions, feeling no surprise. Whereas the real tenant of Lychgate Hall is—"

"Is what?" she gasped.

"Is a Lady of Quality, hiding herself away for some freak or some folly—as like as not under a false name—"

"Go on, Sir, pray!" she cried as he paused. "Have you any other accusation to bring against me?"

"Indeed," he returned, still with great gentleness of tone and manner, "I bring no accusation, and you may depend upon my respecting your whim. I wish you to know that I am aware of the part you are playing—that is all. Never again, Madam, shall you have cause to complain that I have

overstepped the limits of the courtesy to which you are accustomed—shall I say in a former state of being?"

"I am glad to hear your promise," she returned, relaxing in some measure. "But understand, Sir Jocelyn, I admit nothing."

"For that I was quite prepared, Madam," said he, "'tis the way with your sex."

There was a pause; and then, stepping forward, he took her hand with a mixture of respect and tenderness which she could not resent, and raised it to his lips.

"Let me also understand," he murmured, "that I am forgiven as well for my own sins as for my Kinsman's. I pray you do not hold me accountable for these last. You cannot be more angry than I am—but I have taken order with him and I am very sure he will not again molest you."

"As to that," she interrupted, drawing away her hand and speaking quickly and contemptuously, "I also will take precautions. Pray inform Mr. Billsborough that it is my intention to go armed for the future."

While Sir Jocelyn was gazing at her half disapprovingly, half admiringly, I broke out, declaring that it was very unsafe for womenfolks to meddle with weapons, and repeating the opinion that I had so often uttered to Mrs. Dorothy herself, that 'twas very dangerous for her to live as she did in so insecure a place and with no better protector than Malachi.

She was turning towards me with a vexed air to reprove me, I suppose, for my meddlesomeness, when Sir Jocelyn struck in once more.

"Do not trouble thyself, my good

Luke; a lady's whim will not endure for ever. Moreover, even should she remain staunch to her freak, Fate itself will interpose. Some day, Madam, whether you will it or no, you must surrender yourself into safer keeping than your own. There are many who love you; some day you must make your choice."

"Do not speak to me of love," she cried. "I have nothing to do with love—I only ask for peace. Why should every one conspire to deprive me of it?" Then waving her hand impatiently—"Go! go!" she said. "Nay, Sir Jocelyn, I would not have you think me uncivil, but if you knew how weary I am, and how heavy of heart! Can you not leave me alone?"

"As you will," said he; and he bowed and was turning to go when he paused midway. "I wish you to understand, Madam," said he, "that I am your friend—more than your friend. I am ready to fight your battles; to go your errands; to obey you in all things save one. I must rebel when you desire me not to love you."

Then he turned and was gone, striding along the moss-grown path into the dusk.

"Take him away, Luke," whispered she, as I lingered a moment to deliver my Uncle's message. "Oh, Luke, I want none of his love."

And then I, too, went my way down the path, and, turning at the gate, glanced back to where she stood at the entrance of the shadowy arbor; and she waved her hand to me and disappeared within it. But before I reached the yard I heard the clatter of Sir Jocelyn's horse's hoofs.

## GEORGE GISSING.

AN IMPRESSION.<sup>1</sup>

The tragic accident, for such the last sudden illness of George Gissing must be accounted, that leaves "*Veranilda*," his long-contemplated romance, incomplete, renders it not only seemly but necessary that there should be some brief introductory presentation of the spirit in which it was conceived. Through most of the life he led as a widely respected, but never very popular or prosperous writer, there existed the strangest misconceptions of his personal quality, and he was figured as the embodiment of nearly everything he most disliked. Because he exhausted the resources of a fine irony upon the narrowness and sordidness of contemporary life, a public incapable of irony conceived him as sordid and narrow; because he was possessed by so passionate a preference for the legend of classical Rome that all modern life was colorless and insignificant in his eyes, an eminent interviewer could, as his mortuary chaplet, fling out a condescending and regretful condemnation of his "modernity"; and he whose whole life was one unhappiness because he would not face realities, was declared the master and leader of the English realistic school. He has been likened to Zola, a well-nigh incredible feat of criticism; and a legend of him as a prowling figure gathering "copy"—they always call it "copy"—"among the barrows of East End costermongers," and in the galleries of "slum side theatres," has been the imaginative response to this illuminating comparison. His life and these inventions lie patent for the Griswolds of our time; and there is the clear possibility of an English parallel to that cairn of

misrepresentation and ugly falsehood which the Americans have deemed a fitting monument to their Poe. For the proper reading of "*Veranilda*," if for no other reason, this growing legend must be resolutely thrust aside.

For the beginning of a juster picture there can be nothing better than the figure of Gissing as a schoolboy, obsessed by a consuming passion for learning, at the Quaker's boarding-school at Alderley Edge. He had come thither from Wakefield at the age of thirteen, and after the death of his father, who was in a double sense the cardinal formative influence in his life. The tones of his father's voice, his father's gestures, never departed from him; when he read aloud, particularly if it was poetry he read, his father returned in him. He could draw in those days with great skill and vigor—it will seem significant to many that he was particularly fascinated by Hogarth's work, and that he copied and imitated it—and his father's well-stocked library and his father's encouragement had quickened his imagination and given it its enduring bias for literary activity. One sees him at Alderley Edge as a rather pale and slightly hollow-cheeked boy, the eldest and most zealous of three brothers, who were all redoubtable workers. The school, though socially unpretentious, was a good one. Its headmaster, Mr. James Wood, was something of an enthusiast; and Gissing, whose imagination may have been quickened by the recent death of his father, and by a clear knowledge of the effort his education cost, seems to have flung himself at his opportunities with an almost exaggerated intensity. He joined as little as possible in the school games—though he played

<sup>1</sup>Originally written as a preface to "*Veranilda*."

hockey, an old schoolfellow witnesses, with "madness and vigor"—and he walked much alone. For the rest, he worked. He would work even at his exercise, reading as he walked. Occasionally his imagination and energy found vent in the organization of violent bouts of tilting and the Greek, French, or English play performed on the half-yearly speech nights was a great thing for him. "Gissing," that old schoolfellow writes, "was our shining light. He was at one and the same time, stage builder, stage manager, instructor, leading actor and prompter, as well as our chief reciter." Except in the enthusiasm of such enterprises, he seems to have had noticeably little companionship with the mass of his schoolfellows. He was speedily the prodigy of the school, a lonely prodigy, living overmuch among books, already out of touch with life, and already possessed by

The glory that was Greece  
And the grandeur that was Rome,

that were his standards throughout all the rest of his life.

He finished his school prodigiously—measured by the scale of his school. He came out first of the kingdom in the Oxford Local Examination, and carried the same unqualified energy of study to Owens College, where for a time his story was an unbroken record of prize-winning. He was not quite fifteen when he entered the college, and at the end of his first session he gained Professor Wood's English Poem Prize, as well as a special prize and exhibition for classics. He also won the Shakespeare Scholarship. He worked as youngsters of his type will—insanely. He worked while he ate, he cut down his sleep, and for him the penalty came not in a palpable, definable illness, but in an abrupt, incongruous reaction and collapse. He truncated his career at Owens, with his degree in-

complete—he had already taken the first place in first-class honors for English and classics in the University of London at the Intermediate Examination in Arts—and from that time his is a broken and abnormal career. He fancied he had cut himself off by this deflection from that clear course to a learned distinction which his quality and inclination alike indicated for him. He crossed to America, and was for a short time a classical tutor in Boston. He threw up his position on some forgotten ground, and went in the vaguest spirit to Chicago. There he began to show still more clearly that practical incapacity, that curious inability to do the sane, secure thing which is the hidden element in his career. It is not that he was a careless man, he was a most careful one; it is not that he was a morally lax man, he was almost morbidly the reverse. Neither was he morose or eccentric in his motives or bearing; he was genial, conversational, and well-meaning. But he had some sort of blindness towards his fellow men, so that he never entirely grasped the spirit of everyday life, so that he, who was so copiously intelligent in the things of the study, misunderstood, blundered, was nervously diffident, and wilful and spasmodic in common affairs, in employment and buying and selling, and the normal conflicts of intercourse. He did not know what would offend, and he did not know what would please. He irritated others and thwarted himself. He had no social nerve. In Chicago he came near to absolute starvation. And there it was that, with some journalistic fiction, quite lost to the world, his career of print began; though, of course, he had written much both of verse and prose before that time. He was nearly twenty.

He returned to London. By this time he had discovered what was not so much an artistic impulse as an ill-

advised ambition to write a series of novels. He set to work with the enthusiasm of his nature; he worked, he wrote to his sister, "with fervor and delight"; but indeed these creations were not his own true expression. That time, twenty years ago, was an epoch, of which we perhaps are seeing the closing years, in which there was no way to distinction in art save to paint the great pretentious subject-picture in oils, the Royal Academy picture, of which the Tate Gallery is the fitting mausoleum, and in letters, outside journalism, there was no other form than the big novel to which a young man could resort and hope to live. The air was full of the successes of novelists, of their clamorous and as yet incompletely vulgarized fame. And when we examine the triumphs of that period, it is not wonderful that Gissing should have embarked upon this enterprise with a confidence that was within sight of arrogance. He had in his folly turned his back upon learning, and here was his second opportunity. He had a genuine love and admiration for Dickens, and the story of Balzac's indomitable industry must have had a singular appeal to him. In the "three sous for bread, two for milk, and three for firing," in the incessant toil and the nocturnal wanderings of that giant, there lay a snare for George Gissing's imagination. He would in those days say of so and so, "How can he write?—he has never starved!" More or less deliberately he set himself to the scheme of an English "*Comédie Humaine*," and in the very titles of such novels as "*The Unclassed*," "*The Nether World*," "*The Emancipated*," and "*The Whirlpool*," lurks the faint aroma of his exemplar. He must have set his course to this determination before he was twenty-one, and it was surely the most unhappy and presumptuous of undertakings. His knowledge of the world was

strangely limited, was scarcely existent; home life at Wakefield was the most living thing in it, and beyond that there were school days and college passed in a dream of bookish study, some experiences in America too disagreeable for use, and now this return to London, and, until the fame accrued, tuition. The world he set himself to draw was stranger to him by far than the Rome and the Athens his books had made real to him, and the silent factor of his own quality, that, too, was undetermined. But he trusted in his strength; he trusted to the same energy and powers of devotion that had made him a prodigy at Alderley Edge and Owens College, to make him a prodigy in letters.

It is well to attempt some picture of him at this stage. His boyhood of study had neither dwarfed nor disfigured him, and he was then a figure of youth, vigor, and promise. He was of rather more than average stature, finely proportioned, and save for a droop of the shoulders and that slight failure from grace that neglect of exercise entails, he carried himself well. His head was finely formed, and though he was spare, his skin was well seeming, and he had in his flushed moments the ruddy English color. His features were clear cut and regular, his eyes dark blue, and his hair, which was brown with a pleasing reddish tinge, flowed back from his forehead very handsomely. He had quite distinctly a presence. His voice was sound and full, and a youth in which books had overtopped experience had made his diction more bookish and rotund than is common. He was at first a little shy in intercourse, but then intelligent, self-forgetful, inaggressive, and enthusiastic. He must have seemed, he did seem, to those who met him in those days, a man of the richest possibilities.

Yet the same insidious weakness, at



the point where imagination and thought pass into action, had already, behind this front of promise, contrived an arrangement of absurdities. He occupied a flat near Regent's Park, and he moved in cultivated society. He had such friends as Mr. Frederic Harrison, whose sons he instructed in Greek, and who was assiduous in his interest. He entered spheres in which bishops' wives are not unknown, and he has described to the present writer a conversation upon the decay of butlers with one of these ladies. She asked him how *he* managed. But, indeed, he dispensed with a butler's attentions. It will be incredible to every level-minded reader, but, as a matter of fact, he maintained this fair appearance, he received his pupils in his apartment, he tolled and wrote unceasingly, upon scarcely any food at all. Partly, no doubt, it was poverty: he grudged every moment taken by teaching from his literary purpose, and taught as little as he could; but mainly it was sheer inability to manage. His meals were of bread and dripping, stewed tea, cheese at times, soup bought desiccated in penny packets, and such like victual; and a common friend, himself no mean novelist, has described his entertainment there of a Sunday afternoon;—Gissing, with flushed face and shining eyes, declaiming Greek choruses and capping sonorous quotations—"There are miserable wretches," he would say, "who know not the difference between dochmiacs and antispasts!"—until hunger could wait no longer. Thereupon he would become spasmodically culinary in a swift anticlimax: "Now for the squalid meal!"

Periods of far too intense literary activity would alternate with phases of exhaustion. And only those who have passed through the moral and imaginative strain of sustained creative work will fully imagine the sense of discomfort, the realization of loneli-

ness that must have characterized these interludes. To the sympathetic reader who knows "New Grub Street," "The Crown of Life," and the earlier novels, little further is needed for the full understanding of Gissing's early manhood. There were misadventures; there was a rash, unhappy marriage; but the real stuff of his waking life was the steady flow of writing that was to be that misconceived series of novels. From first to last in that endeavor he wrote in his minute, clear hand, writing always with the full available power of his attention, nearly two million words. An hour's experiment in original composition, a little counting and a little computation brings home to one what that means. This brief paper, for example, has consumed all a man's energies for four full days. For one who writes for anything but commercial ends, this gray of written paper is the text of life, the reality of his emotions and his imagination; the other things are indeed no more than margin to that. So he wrote. He wrote for the most part about people he disliked or despised, and about people he did not understand; about social conditions that seemed to him perverse and stupid, and about ways of life into which he had never entered. He wrote with a declining belief in his own power, with a failing hope of appreciation and applause, and too often without any joy in the writing. There were quite tragic incidents, books begun and destroyed. In view of his quality it was unavoidable that much that he wrote should be considerable; and there are in all these novels eloquent passages, tender passages, passages of free and happy humor, and a pervading irony that will certainly secure them a permanent, though perhaps a dusty place, in the storehouse of English literary achievement. But there are great uninspired intervals across which the pen has been driven

grimly, insistently; factitious characters evolved from his own inner consciousness, and for all his wariness and dexterity, incurably unconvincing; incompatibilities and impossibilities, and gray, tired places. And indeed, for all their merit and value, when one thinks of the middle years of this man's life—of journeys and relationships and hopes, and this and that—it all seems to be going on under a sunless sky, across which this gray cloud canopy, this unending, inky succession of words, drives remorselessly ever.

He was hidden from the light of himself. Sometimes this work welkin is tedious and impenetrable, like the cloud drift of a melancholy day; sometimes it grows thin, and a gleam of personality strikes down to warm the reader, and then one says, "This is not toll; this is Gissing." But for the most part the man is altogether masked by that premature, overwhelming intention. Behind that, unsuspected by all who did not know him, the light of classical enthusiasms that had lit his boyhood was hidden. There came a season when he had a success, when some early novel—"Demos," if I am not mistaken—brought money, fifty pounds or so, to hand. He paid small heed then to those back street researches, those gutter-smellings the popular legend of him requires; he went straight by sea to the land of his dreams, Italy. It was still happily before the enterprise of touring agencies had robbed the idea of Italian travel of its last vestiges of magic. He spent as much time as he could afford about the Bay of Naples, and then came on with a rejoicing heart to Rome—Rome whose topography had been with him since boyhood, beside whose stately history the confused tumult of the contemporary newspaper seemed to him no more than a noisy, unmeaning persecution of the mind. Afterwards he went to Athens. But he wrote nothing of the reality of

his sensations then. The self-imposed obligation of those novels weighed him down, and in "The Emancipated," one of his least successful books, his enthusiasm seeks and fails to find expression. Within a very little of that journey, he began definitely to face the fact of his false start and to turn his mind to the discovery of his proper medium. It is at least ten years since the project of his great romance of the Gothic kingdom had definitely formed itself in his mind. He had written then to his home, of something fresh that was coming, of a romance that was to be altogether a break from his established style of work, and from that day to this he has held himself persistently to this plan, reading for it, scheming for it, and dreaming of it. Only the labor of writing it remained at last, and that was begun too late.

Two of his friends spent a spring-time holiday with him and his sister at Budleigh Salterton in 1897. He was then no longer the glorious, indefatigable, impracticable youth of the London flat, but a damaged and ailing man, full of ill-advised precautions against the imaginary illnesses that were his interpretation of a general *malaise*. As much as anything he was homesick for Italy. He was not actively writing then, but he had two or three great Latin tomes in which he read and dreamt, he was annotating the works of Cassiodorus, edicts and proclamations and letters written for Theodoric the Goth, and full of light upon the manners and daily life of the time. And as the friends wandered in the Devonshire lanes or along the red Devonshire cliffs he talked of Italy. His friends had not seen Italy. To all three of them Italy was as far almost as it had been for all the English world in 1800. There was a day when they sat together by Lulworth Cove. He had been mourning the Italy he fancied he would never see again, and

then he drew suddenly from his pocket an old pocket-book, and showed, treasured as one treasures the little things of those we love, a few scraps of paper that journey had left him: the empty cover of his railway tickets home, a flattened blossom from Hadrian's villa, a ticket for the Vatican Library, were chief among these things. He spoke as one speaks of a lost paradise. Yet before another year was over he had been through those experiences he has told so perfectly in "By the Ionian Sea," and all three of these friends had met again in Rome. In Rome he had forgotten most of his illnesses; he went about proudly as one goes about one's dearly-loved native city. There were tramps in the Campagna, in the Alban Hills, along the Via Clodia, and so forth, merry meals with the good red wine of Velletri or Grotta Ferrata; and now the romance was more fully conceived, and in the Forum, on the Palatine Hill, upon the Appian Way, he could talk of the closing chapters that will never now be written—of Rome plague-stricken and deserted, Rome absolutely desolate under the fear of the Gothic king.<sup>2</sup>

Many things were to happen to delay his new beginning, and, among others, there was in himself a certain diffidence before the new medium. But the spell of that Balzac-like sequence was already lifted from his mind. He had been persuaded, I believe by Mr. Clement K. Shorter, to attempt short stories and sketches; he had attained to the completest mastery of his own proper qualities in the Calabrian travel-book already mentioned, and he was writing that frank, natural, and able study of Dickens that still waits for

its just meed of recognition. Then there was "The Papers of Henry Rye-croft," an experiment in the manner of Amiel's diary, that gave an interesting but one-sided sketch of the mental attitude to nature and contemporary things. He wrote, indeed, several more books in his earlier manner, but they made no marked advance upon "Eve's Ransom," "Born in Exile," and "The Year of Jubilee," the first perhaps the best and the least appreciated of his novels. And at last, in the little village of St. Jean Pied de Port, in the Pyrenees, he set himself to his long-delayed task. In October of last year he was in full work upon it, and drawing near the end; he was in better health than he had been for many years, and tasting once again the pleasure of living. His letters to England were full of his romance. In his last, written on November 28, 1903, within a month of his end, he says: "I labor on at 'Veranilda,' and, thank Heaven! have done more than three-fourths of it. I cannot judge whether it is good or bad, but the work has been severe—never more than a page a day at two sittings." A page in his microscopic handwriting was, in printer's language, a thousand words. He seems to have been at work upon the book before. In a letter dated February 28, 1901, he writes: "My sixteenth-century story keeps me amid old things. I seldom have time to look at any writing of the day." And in a letter, dated Arcachon, January 8, 1902, "My Roman novel, alas! is suspended by the state of my health, a little also, I admit, by the reflection that so many people have of late written novels about Rome." From St. Jean Pied de Port, so late as June 10, 1903, he says:

<sup>2</sup>The following extract from a letter to Mr. Edward Clodd is very characteristic of Gissing's attitude. It is dated Siena, November 6, 1897. "Of course I have not been able to see very much of Siena, but this is not my part of Italy. I have—I am sorry to say—comparatively little

interest in the Renaissance. On the other hand, I shout with joy whenever I am brought very near to the old Romans. Chiefly I am delighted here with the magnificent white oxen, with huge horns, which draw carts about the streets. Oxen and carts are precisely those of Virgil."

"I have decided to write my sixth-century story. For the moment I turn with disgust from modern life, whereas these old times call to me with a pleasant voice. If I have anything like decent health here (which, by the by, is quite near to Roncesvalles) I *must* get this book done. I think I can make it fairly good, for I have saturated myself with the spirit of the age. It ought to be infinitely picturesque." And on October 11, 1903, he reports progress. "Well, I am getting on with my book. I am now well past the middle of 'Veranilda,' and hope (with trembling) that I may finish by the end of the year. I don't think it will be bad; at all events, it gives me a certain pleasure in the writing. But it is harder work than any I ever did—not a line that does not ask sweat of the brain."

There is the shadow of prophecy in that "with trembling." At last but four chapters remained; and then came a cold, came pneumonia, and with the effect of a swift misadventure the end. In the last hours of his ebb and exhaustion he talked constantly of Veranilda, and of armor and weapons and the Goths.

And this book, "Veranilda," that is so much of George Gissing, is unfinished, indeed, and unrevised, but so far done that even the end for his two principal characters, the Princess and Basil, is practically told. The book exists as a unity and as a whole, its truncation withdraws nothing essential from the design. One has one's minor uncertainties of course; what sinister treasure was to reward the search of Sagaris and Stephanus, what fate lurked ready to spring upon the Lady Heliadora and the reasons of the Lady Aurelia's long absence from the stage. But the main threads run clear to their end; in a moment the tumult of the assailing Goths, terrible by reason of their massacre at Tibur,

would have become audible, and the wave of panic that left Rome to the dogs and vermin have swept us to the end. And the end was morning, a sunlit silence upon the empty Forum, upon the as yet unruined Palatine Hill, upon the yet unshattered Basilica of Constantine. For just that one tremendous moment in her history Rome lay still.

But in spite of all that is lacking this romance exists sufficiently for its total effect, and one sees for the first time clearly what indeed "The Whirlpool" and "The Year of Jubilee" went far to suggest to the experienced critic, and that is George Gissing's extraordinary power of comprehensive design. All the characters move living to a synthesis of impression. It is the picture of a magnificent decay—of the last days, of the last hours of the tradition of Imperial Rome. Every figure partakes of that transition and is significant in the scheme: the sombre figure of the dying Maximus, with which the book begins; the ragged Decius, with his unenvied treasure of manuscripts, with his whispered doubts whether, after all, Virgil's Fourth Eclogue was a prophecy of Christ; the deacon Leander, incessant and acquisitive, politic, blindly devoted, building up the wealth and power of the Mediæval Church amidst a universal ruin; the senator, Venatius, a senator half-way changed to a feudal lord, fortifying his country villa, are of the many who were preparing the way for the final disintegration. Then one marks the Lady Petronilla, obsessed by religious ambition, the wretched Marcian, torn between the new fear of hell that had come into the world and the immemorial desire of the flesh; and Basil, setting aside the old Roman dignity, reviling the old training in rhetoric and letters and giving his mind to arms. All things, with an art of imperceptible touches,

display a time when security had gone, while still the tradition of empire, of a wide law and government, the afterglow of the classical civilization, haunted the broken bridges, the fresh-shattered aqueducts, the rutted, vacant ways. Even to the smallest details the picture is complete. Let the reader note the source of the lead for the coffin of Maximus, the prey on the cart of the passing lime-burner, the waterless uncleanness that heralded the pest. It needs some practice in the art of imaginative writing to gauge quite how skilfully this magnificent conception has been wrought, to detect the subtle insistence, touch by touch, that keeps its mellow and melancholy

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atmosphere true. The whole learning that was possible of this period lies behind this book, yet there is no heaviness, no impressive jabbering of strange terms, no hint of a claim to scholarship, none of the tricks that drive this sort of fact to recognition. Gissing carries his learning as a trained athlete carries his limbs, as it were, unwittingly, as a great artist saturated with the classical tradition might best desire to do. And he gains in permanence and beauty what he will lose in contemporary applause. Now at any rate he can bear to wait a little longer for the honor that will in the end be his in absolute security.

*H. G. Wells.*

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### NOISE THAT YOU PAY FOR.

There are two kinds of noise. One you pay for, the other you don't. And the one you pay for is called Music.—*Cambridge Don.*

"The trouble is," said the musician, "that people will insist upon reading into music some other language than its own. They make it talk literature, formulate ideas, express moods. But of course it can't, and doesn't, really do anything of the kind. The literature, or what passes for such, is an addition from outside—the words of a song, or the libretto of an opera. The ideas are mere printed stuff in the programme, as in those 'symphonic poems' of Strauss, which are so formless as symphonies, and so ridiculous as poems. And as to the moods, they are not inherent in the music, but imposed upon it by the audience; and there are as many of them as there are varieties of listeners. None of these things has anything to do with music."

"What, then, is music?" the poet asked.

"Music is an art by itself, an art of melody and harmony, untranslatable into the terms of any other art; but comparable perhaps, if we are to compare, rather to a decorative pattern than to anything else."

"How refreshing it is," said the painter, "to hear that said at last! And what a condemnation of all modern music! Music indeed, so it seems to me, is suffering from the same kind of malady as painting. The public want it realistic; and the artists give them just what they want. They produce stories on the orchestra, just as they produce stories in paint."

"No doubt," said the poet, "they supply a demand. But why does the demand exist?"

"For a very discreditable reason. It is, I believe, because people get so little out of life, that they try to fill up the void with art. In the great civilizations, art was never realistic.



Emotions and desires found their satisfaction in actualities; and it was to escape from these that people turned to art, where they sought and found detachment, serenity, beauty. The pictures that disfigure the walls of the Academy are pabulum only fit for an empty, jaded, city population, with no life of its own worth speaking of. But the Greeks who really lived produced the Elgin marbles; the Christians—when there were Christians—the Madonna and the Saints; the men of the Renaissance, the landscapes of Giorgione."

"The same thing," the musician interrupted, "is true of music. The great music, that of the sixteenth, seventeenth, and eighteenth centuries, was of a kind whose aim and achievement were simply its own exquisite form—a form, however, which carried with it the mood proper to itself, the rare and spiritual mood of beauty. And that mood it stamped on the audience, instead of being itself a mere matrix on which they might impress their own emotions. These, on the contrary, were left behind, drowned in the river Lethe; and beyond that stream of oblivion opened the Earthly Paradise, an ideal world with a nature of its own, cut off from actuality—sunshine and birds and flowering woods and the perennial breeze of spring. Whereas, what is it that people get out of a modern concert? Look at the audience! Honestly, I know no more indecent sight. Erotic women, unsatisfied men, stormed by a concourse of long-repressed and now clamorous feelings, abandoning themselves to that fierce physical onslaught upon the nerves which is called modern orchestration, vicariously indulging passions of which they are incapable in actuality, drunk, mad, abandoned, satyrs and bacchantes, running away from beauty like swine down a steep place into the sea, the sea of their own cravings

that, after all, like the water of Tantalus, withdraws and leaves them forever unsatisfied—tortured souls in hell."

"Great Scot!" said the poet, "are we really as bad as all that?"

"They are! As to you, I don't know. You're all right, I suppose."

"Am I? I very much doubt it! I believe I'm one of the swine."

"But you told us you enjoyed Mozart!"

"Enjoy him! I'm ravished by him! But what of that?"

"Well, if you're ravished by Mozart, you're ravished by pure beauty. You're free of the true kingdom of art."

"Ah, but then, you see, I am also ravished by Beethoven, by Wagner, nay, if I must confess, by Tschalkowsky."

"Well, and of course there are beauties in those perverse men of genius. But it isn't because of the beauties that they have acquired their popularity."

"Because then of what?"

"Because of all that I have been trying to describe; of all that I saw and felt this afternoon, and am still quivering under."

"Where were you this afternoon?"

"At the Queen's Hall, to my sorrow."

"So was I."

"Well, then, you saw it too; the men roaring like wild beasts, the women rapping umbrellas and fluttering handkerchiefs, the recalling of the conductor again and again, the carnival of emotions unchained, the whole indecent, intolerable scene! And now, with that in your mind, think of Purcell and Mozart, of the harpsichord, of the tiny choice band of strings and wood, of the beautiful little panelled hall of the seventeenth or eighteenth century, of the stately audience of noble patrons, of *Voi che sapete*, or *Come unto these yellow sands*."

"Yes, I think of all that. I love it!

I wish I were there! But, all the same, it wouldn't be what I heard this afternoon."

"No, thank God!"

"But I don't thank God for that particular hypothetical mercy. On the contrary, I am very glad to have heard what I did."

"What! Tschalkowsky?"

"Yes, if I did hear him, and if it was hearing. But the truth is, I hardly know what happens when one listens to modern music. I quite agree that it's something very different from what happens when one listens to Mozart, or to the early Italians. It's somehow like a real experience, not like an æsthetic mood. But I don't admit that it's necessarily as indecent as you pretend. I came away, to tell the truth, in a condition which I imagined to be one of spiritual exaltation. And how do you know it wasn't the same with all the rest of the audience?"

"Oh, I've no doubt they all imagined they were spiritually exalted!"

"And perhaps they were."

"But look at them!"

"Well, if you come to that, I don't know what I looked like myself. But I'm sure I felt like an archangel."

"But even if you did, it doesn't follow that any one else did."

"I agree. The thing I experienced was certainly something to which I contributed out of my own resources. And if I had been a different person, it would have been different. I feel, I mean, not that I've been listening to a concert, but that I've been living a life. And what it would interest me to know is, where that life, so to speak, comes in. It certainly isn't my life, not, I mean, my normal life. And if my normal life were better, I suppose I should not care about this kind of 'extra.' But then, you see, the extra seems to me so good, that I can hardly imagine any actual life I should prefer to it. I don't think I would ex-

change it, for instance, for the life of Napoleon or of St. Paul."

"You make me curious," said the painter. "Tell us some more about it."

"It isn't easy to tell about such things. But I'll try if you like, if only to clear my own mind. And, to begin at the beginning, I started the whole experience from a level of horribly low vitality. This east wind in London, or for that matter anywhere, simply kills me. I couldn't conceive, as I walked to the hall through the numb torpor of the streets, under the black pall, in the alien crowd, that anything, anywhere, had been, or was, or ever would be, worth doing, or feeling, or experiencing; and least of all the concert, to which I was mechanically bent, merely because I had a ticket, and it would at least be warm. The hall, when I got there, was half full of fog, the crowd even blacker than usual, the carved angels, or cupids, or whatever they are, even more repulsively fatuous. I just glanced at the programme, and saw that the first item was Tschalkowsky's Overture 1812; and then I shut my eyes, and made myself as unconscious as I could. Perhaps I fell into a doze. Only, and this is important, the date 1812 was in my mind. Now, I know little enough of history, and care little enough, seeing that history always tells one everything except what one wants to know. But I knew, if one is to call it knowing, as a bare fact in the mind, that 1812 was the year of Napoleon's Russian campaign. And I had the usual vague ideas about Russia and France; just about as much as the programmes tell one. All that, of course, had never meant anything to me, as an element of life and experience. But now comes the extraordinary thing. No sooner did the Overture begin, than I started, not only from my doze, but from my whole normal, or infra-normal, level of existence. Those little

bits of conceptualized knowledge took form and life and passion, and began to shape themselves into a real world. There seemed to lie before me an immense tract of frozen plains, inhabited by a primitive people in scattered villages, singing the songs and dancing the dances that had been danced and sung by countless generations from the dawn of time. It was a silent land, vast and remote, lying like a calm sea, immeasurable and gray; and no shape moved upon its surface. I saw it, or felt it, or what? I don't know. Only I watched and watched. Till, suddenly, something stirred; a spirit moved upon the waters. Over the great dim plain, men, like insects, began to appear and march. It had the effect of light breaking upon darkness. I shivered and waited, and waited. What could it mean? Then there was something like a rush of blood; I think I stood up and shouted. For, from the distance, came the strain of that marching hymn of mankind, that battle-song of the spirit in its eternal war with the world, that heart's cry of the genius of France, which is the genius of civilization, that 'national air' of humanity, the *'Marseillaise.'* Then I saw! It was the great war of the old against the new, of Nature, unreflective, beautiful as the Gorgon's head, immutable, silent, ancient and vast as Fate, against the Promethean brain, the hot rebellious heart, the plastic, mobile insolence of Man. In that one symbol all history was disclosed to me. All I had ever heard, or read, or divined, took shape and lived. I stood at the centre; and, in a moment of eternal experience, instantaneously summed the course of Time. And when the great bells began to ring for victory, they acclaimed for me the triumph, not of Russia—what and where was Russia?—but of the whole groaning and travailing world. 'It must be thus,' I thought, 'that God

sees the universe; and that, I suppose, is why He thinks it worth while to keep it going.' I'm speaking as if I had thoughts; but they weren't thoughts at all; they were intuitions, they were anything you like to call them, for they have no name. But you see, perhaps, the sort of thing Tschaikowsky did for me. And after all, is it so bad?"

"It's not music, anyhow," said the painter. "Except for the *'Marseillaise,'* your description might do for anything."

The man of science murmured from behind his paper. "You were simply thinking," he said, "or imagining, if you like, in a state of excitation produced by the orchestra."

"And," the musician added, "you weren't really listening to the music at all. You probably can't recall a single air of it, or a single progression, or orchestral effect."

"Well, but suppose I couldn't—as a matter of fact I can—none the less I didn't do the whole thing myself. I brought with me, if you like, the elements. But the music was the miracle that turned them into a world, and me into a demi-god."

"I haven't got it yet," said the painter, "tell us some more!"

"It's no use trying to tell you, I can't even tell myself."

"Well, tell us all the same. What was the next thing?"

"The C Minor Symphony of Beethoven."

"That's music, anyhow," said the musician; "but I don't suppose you heard it."

"I don't suppose I did, in your sense. But I had my experience."

"No doubt, the literary experience: 'so klopft das Schicksal an die Thür.'"

"Precisely! And if it hadn't been for that mere label, I suppose the whole thing would have been different. The motto, you see, was, as it were, the

slot into which I put my penny, and from which I got out that particular experience. Only the slot, if you please, isn't the machine."

"Well, what was it you got out?"

"What was it? It was, to begin with, just the beat of Fate, and against that, like the sea against the cliffs, the passionate cry of Man. But, presently, that abstraction filled itself out, changed its form, became a world-drama. As though upon a wind of passion, the figures of history and romance—Clytemnestra with the axe, Dido on the shore, Cæsar, Alexander, Napoleon, all who have ever fought and failed, all who have lived and despaired—with set lips, with outstretched hands, with cries of defiance or appeal, came driving down on the pitiless theme, till they seemed to fuse and blend with it, and, in a tragic reconciliation, to be themselves the Fate against which they strove."

"The second movement," said the musician, drily, "must have been a little difficult to fit in with that scheme."

"The second movement? Oh, that was the Valley of Avillion; and the whole air was full of song, serene and beautiful, as of souls who had suffered and won the victory, and were attuned to the winds and streams that sung with them in the sunshine. Only, every now and again, a capricious undertone suggested a truce rather than a victory. Still with exquisite beauty, calm as a sunset, the movement closed."

"And then?"

"Oh, then, as one had feared, or hoped, it all broke out again. A menacing prelude, underground as it were, and then with a great upheaval, the tragic reiteration, more solemn, resistless, and slow than before, of the motive of Fate, that had seemed to be silenced. And now it was the spirit of burlesque that rose

in desperation, to bluff and insult the riddle of life. In vain. The inexorable theme returned. And that, one thought, must be the end. But no! For something happened, something wonderful and unforeseen. The whole symphony died away to the beat of a drum—a single ominous drum. And in and through that beat, began the creation of a new world. Soft at first, almost unheard, it grew apace, strained into intolerable discord, then suddenly as if slipped from the leash, broke away into the major and unfolded like a flower—joyous, glorious, triumphant, in harmonies more and more august, reconciling all contradictions, achieving, not in idea but in fact, the perpetual dream of Man, the kingdom of heaven, the city of God, the life of the Absolute."

"H'm," said the musician, "that may be all very interesting, but I must repeat, it has nothing to do with music."

"No," said the painter, "it's literature."

"Yes, no doubt it's literature, as I describe it to you, or would be, if I described it well enough. But it wasn't literature as I heard it. It was life. And that's just what music does. It takes literature, ideas, concepts, whatever you like to call them, and embodies them in a real world. And no other art, so it seems to me, does this."

"And no art ought to," the painter interrupted.

"Ah, ought! But what does that mean? Why ought it not? Isn't any life worth having, just because it is life?"

"No, not a spurious life. That's only demoralizing."

"Tristan, for instance?"

"Yes, *Tristan*! I know all about that; I have felt it; I've been through the whole thing, and come out into the streets, and doubted whether they were real at all, and resented them with a

bitterness of antagonism and hatred indescribable—but of course you know. Well, that sort of thing isn't healthy. Next morning one knows it isn't. And it all comes from the attempt, and in this case the discreditable success of art, in substituting something that purports to be reality, and appeals to one and effects one as though it were, for the actuality that is truly real."

"Ah, but is it? Or is it something else that is real? You mention *Tristan*, and I will take my parable from that. The audience, we will say, do not really experience the passion of Tristan and Isolde; though they have, for the time, the illusion of experiencing it. Nor, it may be admitted, is any actual passion possible, save in connection with circumstances of common-place, such as the opera excludes. There are no streets in *Tristan*, no business, no squalor, no long slow changes of intolerable time, no growing tired, no quarrels, irritations, frictions, infidelities. But isn't it just that abstraction from the actuality which gives the reality of the passion? And, if it be so, isn't it well to be made to feel the reality by art, though we may never feel it pure, nay, may never experience it at all, in our actual life?"

"What I object to is not the abstractions of art—all art abstracts in order to reveal, and that is its merit. But what I consider illegitimate, by which I mean unsatisfactory, disagreeable, and indeed positively bad, is the attempt to give to the abstractions the value of actuality. No great art, no art, at least, that I can call great, does this. You can't mistake a Greek statue for a real man; if you could, it would be a defect, not a merit. You can't walk about in a landscape of Claude. And, to take the case of music, if you hear an opera of Mozart, you never mix it up with your own

personal experience and live through it, as it were, vicariously. And isn't that just the charm of it? How exquisite, for example, is *Figaro*! There you have all the elements of life—character, passion, incidents, a form of society. But everything is seen, as it were, in a magic mirror. The personages do not step out of the glass and shake hands with the audience. And how disgusting it would be if they did! On the contrary, the whole action moves within its own atmosphere of beauty, an atmosphere which is no more continuous with that in which we live, than is that of a landscape in a frame. And yet, since it is a vision of life, though not a copy of life, we go away pleased, illumined, purged, taking up without effort our own actuality, which was only suspended, not transformed; but taking it up with a clarified insight, a kinder sympathy, a humaner perception, with something more intangible than all that, with an illumination of beauty."

"I don't dispute anything you say. It happens; I know it; I love it. It's what Mozart does, and it's what Wagner doesn't do, and what many of the people who love Wagner could never understand or enjoy. But you want to go further; you want to say that the thing Wagner does and Mozart does not do, is bad. Why should you say so? Why impose artificial limits of taste because you are not personally capable of a particular revelation of reality?"

"But it isn't a revelation of reality; it only pretends to be one."

"Isn't it? That's just the point at issue. Let me go back to our first example, the 1812 Overture of Tschai-kowsky. What is the reality of the Russian campaign? Is it what the Russians felt about it, or the French? The generals or the common soldiers? What Napoleon experienced, or his



meanest camp follower? Is it what the historian perceives, looking at it as a chain of causation? Or what the moralist apprehends and judges? Surely it isn't, and cannot be, any one of these? It must somehow be all of them, and infinitely more. For the episode had its psychological reflex in every one of those who took part in it, with their varying range of knowledge, experience, emotional and other capacity. It has also its real place in a chain of causation. It has its real moral value. And it has all these at once; it *is* all these. Well, now, who is there that so feels and sees it, not merely as a thought, but as an experience? God, I suppose, if there is a God. But, next to Him, the artist—the dramatist, say, if a dramatist could be found worthy—but more than the dramatist, just because of that actuality of music which you deprecate—more than the dramatist, the musician, if his music meets a comprehending intelligence. For if the Overture meant all that to me, what would it not mean to one who had, say, the knowledge of Lord Acton, the imagination of Shakespeare, the intellect of Machiavelli?"

"Even so, the result would not be the legitimate and appropriate effect of music. It would be the creation of another artist, whose imagination the music happened to stimulate."

"Yes, but that 'happening' of stimulation is what makes the miracle. And when you get that conjunction, whether you choose to call it legitimate or not, you have something much more wonderful and significant, something much more worth having, to my mind, than the thing you call legitimate, which also I admit and delight in. For you have, I believe, the nearest approximation we can get to a true apprehension of reality. It's not merely a beautiful creation of ours, another, and, if you like, better world

which we make; it's an image of the truth of the world we call actual."

"And yet, as you admitted, it is in such conflict with that world as to produce a reaction which makes it appear intolerable."

"Yes; and, of course, any profounder apprehension of reality must be in conflict with the apprehension of one's daily life. Science or philosophy even, ardently and imaginatively pursued, give us a vision which is not that by and in which we do our business and pay our calls; yet we hold it to be a true vision, or at least a truer one, of the real world. Only, science and philosophy are less, as well as more than actuality, because their world is one of concepts and ideas. But in the world of music which I have been trying to describe, concepts and ideas are transformed, as it were, into sensations. They become a reality concrete and sensuous, and yet one not limited by space and time, something like the ideal world of Plato, as he seemed to conceive it in his myths, perhaps, indeed, the first dawn of that world upon our consciousness."

"That is sheer mysticism."

"Not exactly; because the experience in question is not arrived at independently of and without relation to the normal processes. As I conceive the matter, whatever we have absorbed by sensation, by thought, and by imagination, assumes, in the moment of musical apprehension, the form of an intuition. But the content of the intuition is determined by the content of normal experience, which, of course, is different in different individuals, and has an immensely varying range of complexity and extent. Thus the same music will excite, as you have constantly maintained, one kind of response in Smith and another in Jones; and some of these responses, no doubt, will be trivial and even disgusting. But if, in his normal life, a man is

moving towards goodness and truth, he will be rewarded under the spell of music by the corresponding intuitions."

"The whole thing, then," the musician urged, "is either accidental or purely subjective. In your own instances, it was a date, 1812, or a motto, '*So klopft das Schicksal an die Thür*,' that gave your imagination the particular direction it took; and, if there had been no date and no motto, some quite accidental mood or idea of your own would have been the key to the experience. '*Tarara boom de ay*' would have had the same effect as the C Minor Symphony, if it had happened to meet you in the same humor."

"Ah, no! I can't go so far as that. I have admitted that the same piece of music may evoke, not only in different people, but in the same people at different times, quite different intuitions. But I believe, nevertheless, that there is, so to speak, a general quality of intuition which the music is calculated and bound to produce, though there may be a great variety of cases or applications of it. Thus, to take obvious examples, the Dance of the Trolls, in Grieg's suite of *Peer Gynt*, could not produce in any one who had never heard of a Troll, what one may call the specific Troll-intuition. But it must, to anyone who is sensitive to it, embody some case or other of the grotesque, the uncanny, and the supernatural. And so must the three movements of the C Minor Symphony evoke respectively some general idea of conflict, of peace and beauty, of triumphant reconciliation. The listener, if you like, dresses the characters and writes their speeches; but the music determines the plot and movement of the drama."

"I wonder whether really even as much as that can be said to be a necessary and specific effect of the music."

"I believe one would find it to be so, if one could make the enquiry scientifically. The Greeks, who were probably good judges, thought so."

"Did they?"

"I take it that they did; else their whole theory of the place of music in education was nonsense."

"I forget what the theory was."

"Why, that the character of children will be formed by the character of the music they practise and hear. Because, they thought, character depends on the bias of the emotions; and that may be affected permanently, one way or another, by music. So that, in their view, there was an inherent ethical quality in music. And I would add, for my own part, that there is also an inherent—what shall I say?—metaphysical quality. Schopenhauer, you will remember, thought that music in general was a representation, or rather a reproduction, of the universe. And one might suggest, at the risk of appearing ridiculous, that the different musicians represent different philosophic points of view: Palestrina, say, that of the Catholic Church, Beethoven that of Hegel, Wagner that of Schopenhauer, or of Nietzsche, according to the period. And, at the other end, the music-hall song represents the music-hall view of the world. And then these general types are filled in with different contents, more or less interesting or profound, according to the differences in the intellectual and imaginative faculties and experiences of the listeners."

"But what are you driving at in all this?"

"Why need I be driving at anything? I'm just following up my idea. But if I did want to drive at things, there's a great deal to drive at. For instance, one might suggest that one of the most important things about music is the study of its ethical and metaphysical

character, with a view to encouraging the production and rendering of the kinds that are good, and discouraging that of the opposite kinds. I, at any rate, feel sure, that children will turn out quite differently according as they are brought up on Bach, or on *Hymns Ancient and Modern*, or on music-hall songs. That is surely important enough; but it isn't what interests me most. What interests me, is my notion that through music, more nearly than by any other means, we may approach something that deserves to be called Reality."

"What do you mean by Reality?"

"That's just what I want to get at. It's something like this. I suppose that there's some experience—we'll call it God's—which is, so to speak, the standard experience of the world. Of course, it has its 'subjective' element; how should an experience not? But the subject, in this case, perceives the Whole as in a white light, without distortion or limitation. Whereas we perceive only the merest fraction of the Whole, and through every kind of perverting and coloring medium. And, in particular, our perception is cut up into thoughts, on the

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one hand, which have no sensuous content, and sensations on the other, which have no universality. Well, then, music, as I have been trying to say, brings these elements together, and gives us an experience as concrete as sense and as universal as thought. But still, what it gives us isn't Reality—isn't God's view—because of the double limitation: first, in the musician, who sees the world through the medium of his own personality, and, secondly, in the hearer, who sees it through the medium of *his*. But the more complete the musician, and the more complete the listener, the greater will be the approximation to Reality. Until at last, you see, if ever the perfect musician and the perfect listener should meet, they will engender between them absolute Reality."

At this the man of science, who had been pretending to read, got up and stretched himself. "Well," he said, "of all the intolerable stuff, this . . ."

"No," the poet interrupted, "this is *not* the most intolerable. There is always science."

But at that point the character of the discussion degenerated.

*G. Lowes Dickinson.*

## THE SOCIALISTS AT AMSTERDAM.

The vote of the Socialist Congress at Amsterdam reveals a good deal of what is going on in the thoughts of the Continental masses. A large division of the French Socialists, as the public know, have accepted the advice of their leader, M. Jaurès, which is to enter Parliament if they can, to accept office when obtainable, and thus gradually to give the powers of the State a Socialist direction. The effect of this policy has been greatly to increase the

working power of the party, which has already secured a reduction of the term of military service, some important improvements of the law on compensation for injuries, and the great change, bad or good, involved in the laicising of education. Another division of the same party, however, headed by M. Guesde, furiously attacks this policy, which it considers a treacherous departure from sound principle, and from that

logic which is to every Frenchman almost as dear as success. At the international meeting of Socialists held at Amsterdam during last week this section proposed what is called the Dresden resolution,—that is, virtually a strong vote of censure on M. Jaurès's policy. The debate was fierce; but Herr Bebel, the well-known leader of the German Socialists, flung his whole weight on the side of the resolution; denounced all departure from the most extreme Socialist views as helping to create a detestable *bourgeois* Republic, which would be worse than a Monarchy; uttered, according to the German papers, a speech which in his own country would have made him liable to instant imprisonment; and carried the resolution by a nationality vote of 25 to 5, twelve delegates abstaining. It is said that the vote will diminish the influence of M. Jaurès; but we are inclined to doubt the validity of that apprehension. The twelve who abstained must have been more or less in sympathy with M. Jaurès, and we take it that what with his seat in the Chamber, his influence as a publicist, and the power which in France every man derives from being "practical," he will remain the leader of the French Socialists. In other words, Socialism in France will remain upon all except religious questions a comparatively moderate body of opinion, with which the Government can deal, and Liberal Cabinets can even form alliances. This development is the more important because it is in accord with the political circumstances of the country. The peasantry, who form a majority of the electorate, have never been, and probably never will be, Socialists in the full sense which their enemies give to that name. They own property; they know perfectly well that the Chambers must obey them in the

last resort; and they are not prepared either to stake their possessions or endanger their political ascendancy by efforts to establish a new society which might be less endurable than the old.

They are quite willing as occasion arises to "capture" some of the means of industry—the mines, for example—but they are not willing to sanction any general attack on property while, impatient as they are of bar-rack life, they are much swayed by tradition, and hesitate greatly to abolish the Army—which they think might on some fortunate day recover the Provinces—in favor of the Swiss system of training, which is of necessity strictly defensive. The majority of them are, no doubt, hostile to the ecclesiastical system, and might, if their wives would let them, declare themselves hostile to religion; but they are differentiated on this point by circumstances of locality, which involve circumstances of tradition; and they do not hate, though they do not exactly reverence, the parochial clergy. They wish, therefore, even while they proclaim themselves Socialists, to move forward towards a greater equality of economic conditions with a certain caution, which their *confrères* on the rest of the Continent are inclined to denounce as base opportunism. It is all natural enough. It is when the masses suffer that they embrace logical Socialism; and in France, though the artisans suffer, especially from too long hours and from the hostility of the bureaucracy to strikes, which they regard as infringements of social order, the mass of the population, which is still agricultural, is neither oppressed, nor in good years unhappy.

The condition of the people in Germany and Austria who sent up the majority that reaffirmed the Dresden resolution is far less satisfactory. In the great towns the workers are seriously overworked, underpaid except in

a few trades, and housed in a way to which the condition of the slums of East London affords no parallel. They are conscious of a certain hardness in their employers, which either is oppressive, or is thought to be so; though proud of their victories, they detest the military system which produced them; and they are growing conscious of inequalities of caste, which in France for practical purposes have been swept away. They are, besides, a harder, though we should not say a fiercer or more bloodthirsty, population than that of France. Among the freehold peasantry, too, there is much more poverty, differing doubtless in every district, and arising mainly from their possession of a less grateful soil, while the proportion of landless men almost entirely dependent on wages is very much greater. Moreover, whether from want of thrift, or from the lesser return yielded by their agriculture, they do not possess the "stockings" which in France seem to afford to the peasantry so inexhaustible a reserve of means. The German and Austrian peoples could not raise the loans which France, whenever the Government is favorable, yields without an apparent effort. There is therefore a much keener wish that society should be overturned and replaced upon new foundations. We all think the German Emperor ill advised when he expresses his bitter hostility to Socialists; but from his point of view, which is that of the whole of the Conservative classes of Germany, he has reason for his bitterness. The success of the Socialists in Parliament would, he thinks, mean civil war, and in the country would mean the disbanding of the Army, a revolution in taxation, and probably, though opinion is not unanimous upon this point, a bloody suppression of the ascendancy of the upper classes. Socialism, therefore, in Germany tends to be a sort of religion; and its leaders

and thought-makers are almost as unable to bear any modification of their dogmas as clerics are unable to bear any departure from the authorized creeds. As Germany grows richer, and the system of government less repressive, her Socialists will probably change, like those of France, into opportunist Radicals; but at present they are a generation behind their rivals, and, moreover, have never, it must be remembered, passed through a Revolution.

The Socialist theory, particularly as held upon the Continent, has always appeared to us a dream impossible of realization, if only because of human selfishness, and deriving its motive-power from an ideal which is altogether false. Real equality of conditions can no more be established than equality of size, strength, or intellectual force. There are, however, far too many removable causes of human suffering still in existence, and it is most interesting to watch the methods many of them instinctive, which each race adopts with the intention of securing their removal. In this island the dominant idea, at all events just now, obviously is that most of the admitted evils of society can be cured by educating those who suffer from them, by a large development of the benevolent side of Christianity, and by an unsparing application of the process which officials and people have agreed to call "inspection. In France, owing in part to the history of the Revolution, more is hoped from the State, which can, and it is believed will, always be most favorable to the masses who fill its armies and constitute as electors its ultimate sovereign power. In Germany and Austria there is not that belief in the benevolence of the State. It is seen that the true sovereignty does not reside in the electors, and there is a gulf between those who rule and those who obey which has



not yet begun to be filled up. There is, therefore, a much deeper hatred of that which exists, and a greater readiness to believe that those who, for whatever reason, accept it, at heart accept also the continuance of the evils. The idea, however, that a revolution will come, or can come, is probably a delusion. The people fear invasion too much to abolish their military system, and while that exists society is too strong for overthrow. Central Europe, too, is becoming industrial, prosperity is slowly filtering downwards, and would filter rapidly but for the perverse idea of the value of Protection; and by and by there will be, as in the two great Liberal States,

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a real desire on the part of the governing classes to make life pleasanter for those who are at present overborne by the burden of too much work, too little gain, and the crushing weight of the military system. The improvement may be very slow; but as it advances, the intellectual position of the Socialists will supply us with an excellent barometer. When the ideas of M. Jaurès prevail among his party in Central Europe we may be certain that the air is becoming less heavy, and the people therefore at greater liberty to move without increased exertion. We may be sure, to be brief, that each country will have the Socialists it deserves.

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### THE COMMON-SENSE MAN.

There was a sentence in Mr. Balfour's address to the British Association which went to our heart. "It may seem singular that down to, say, five years ago, our race has, without exception, lived and died in a world of illusions; and that its illusions, or those with which we are here alone concerned, have not been about things remote or abstract, things transcendental or divine, but about what men see and handle, about those 'plain matters of fact' among which common sense daily moves with its most confident step and most self-satisfied smile."

Mr. Balfour politely chose the impersonal form; he would not hurt the feelings of any who might be listening to him; but it was evident at a glance that he was drawing a portrait. Touched in with a few admirable strokes, the common-sense man was there before us. Mr. Balfour knows him well. We have long hoped to see this

type shown up; and now Mr. Balfour with a touch, gracefully and lightly as with a feather, has stript him naked; he stands a pitiful object, shivering to the blast of ridicule. Not only is the common-sense man wrong, utterly, entirely, ludicrously wrong, but he is most wrong precisely where he was most confident. It is just his own "plain facts" that have upset him. The dreamer he despised, the philosopher he laughed at, the clever man he patronized, the scholar he pitied, all these are shown to have known more about the plain facts, the common things, in which he moved so freely, so comfortably, than he did all the time. Where is his ounce of common sense now? that ounce which was to outweigh the world, both worlds? Has common sense then ceased to be "sound"? Everyone who has tried to think for himself, who has wanted to know, who has cared for to-morrow as well as to-day, has had to put up

with so much from the common-sense man, has had so long to endure his hectoring and bullying, that it is no wonder we are all rejoicing at Humpty Dumpty's fall. We can now examine him leisurely and see what this swaggerer is.

We are not prepared to say that common sense is wholly an illusion; that there was never anything behind the phrase; though what there is it would be very hard to say. One thing is clear, that whatever this sense is it is not common in the way of being general, rather the common-sense man does not think it common. He is never tired of insisting on his store of common sense as distinguishing him from other men. We once heard a very well-known M.P., now a pillar of Society, remark that you can buy talent but you cannot buy common sense. That which cannot be exchanged for silver and gold in this world must certainly be very rare. So common sense can only mean the sense of common things, things common to all people; but these are precisely the things in which Mr. Balfour has shown us common sense has most hopelessly failed; for nothing can be much commoner in the sense of widely diffused than matter itself, whatever that may be. And here again the common-sense man is hit peculiarly hard; for he is always materialist in his point of view; not that he calls himself a materialist; he looks down upon every "-ist" as upon every "-ism" or "-ology"; but he has no interest in anything that is not material; and so his own particular kingdom has rejected him. Still that there is something in common sense we are willing to admit. We might even say with Lord Mount Ararat in "Iolanthe"; we should not mind having some ourselves. Sheer empiricism based on induction from daily events, never crossed or diverted by wider views, may naturally be a useful guide within

its tiny area for a brief time. It fails the moment a new path has to be struck out. No doubt a man may turn this guide to account within its limits, aware that it is not to be trusted beyond his nose. Some great men have done this; Bonaparte did. Less great men, but still great men, frequently overlook the help of such empiricism altogether. Other men are mainly guided by common sense, but are dimly aware that there are more excellent ways, and recognize the humility of the sphere in which they live. These are the plain blunt men, the Antonies, practical men who stop short of thinking as too high for them. We have no quarrel with them, honest fellows, men of the world, who are often the pleasantest companions.

They differ entirely from the common-sense man proper. He has no illusions as to higher things or more excellent ways. He believes what he sees; he declines to trouble himself about anything that is not on the surface, anything that is not now and here. Anybody who does must be a fool; a view he does not lose a moment in proclaiming when he enters a room or joins a group in conversation. Being usually more or less gross in body, as in soul, he is able to shout down the thinker, the poet, the scholar, the philosopher; and having silenced the whole group, he struts away crowing lustily. "Sound common sense for me" he says, "that's worth more than all your education, your science, and your philosophy put together." It is better to pick up knowledge than to be taught. Theory is of course anathema. "Theorist" is his most damning name for a man next to "poet." And what makes him so particularly offensive is that he can never stay to hear the theory which he has condemned, or to read the poetry he has despised. He cannot stay to waste his time in that way; he is a busy man; with the polite

suggestion that you on the other hand are an indolent fool.

When he has a little leisure, he is fond of taking up, a Shakespeare say, then he will read you a line, "to take arms against a sea of troubles"; absurd: how can you fight the sea with swords and guns! or he will look at an intensely religious picture by an Old Master, and smile superior at "the ugliness of Madonnas." He is satisfied that he has passed a final criticism on Shakespeare or Velasquez. "There is no common sense in that." The one literary man he knows something about and regards is Dr. Johnson! he loves him for his triumphant refutation of Berkeley by hitting the ground with his stick. There you had common sense and philosophy face to face: and our common-sense man admires the great man of letters for probably the silliest and most ignorant blunder he ever made. This confidence in the obvious is the secret of the common-sense man's swagger and of his littleness. He cannot believe there can be anything recalcitrant; the obvious meaning of a thing is for him always the right meaning; and so he never knows the real meaning of anything. "It is all so simple" to him. He roams through life untouched by mystery, unstirred by won-

*The Saturday Review.*

der. It is curious indeed that he is not more hostile to religion; for nothing could be more alien from his point of view. What could be more useless than to trouble about things unseen when you are surrounded by things you can see? That is surely not business. Probably his attitude to religion is that of Washington Irving's retired butcher, who thought religion an excellent institution. It is plainly respectable; and it keeps some men sober and others honest who would otherwise drink or steal: so there is some common sense in religion after all. But theology, away with it; while saints are foolishness and ascetics an abomination.

And so the common-sense man goes through life, often successful in his own way; never great, never noble; he sees everything false, the great things he sees little, the little things big; and himself the biggest of all. He lives the victim of a life-long illusion. This illusion Mr. Balfour has lifted for such as are not blind. But we fear the common-sense man will not even yet see himself and pity his own plight; but rather will regret that the Prime Minister has not more common sense than to waste his time on metaphysics and such rubbish.

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## SITES OF BUILDINGS.

Nothing is more characteristic of the Greek view of art than their choice of sites for their temples. The difference in this respect between them and other races is one that may be traced down through the details of the treatment of architecture, and points to a peculiarity in their view of the functions and uses of art. The invariable object of the Greeks in selecting a site was to find the position which most perfectly

displayed and set off the beauty of the building. The beauty of the building in Greek eyes was the use of it. That was its *raison d'être*. The position that best displayed its beauty was the most useful position therefore that it could occupy.

Even at this day it would be difficult to overestimate the charm and dignity that is added to the ruined remains of Greek temples by this method of

placing. It often seems as if Nature herself had arranged her own proportions with a view to their convenience, and in the modelling of her hills and valleys had been guided by the purpose of affording to these works of art the most advantageous position possible. Standing as they do, they appear to preside over the scenery, the irregular and wild beauty of which finds in these ordered and stately constructions its appropriate climax of expression. One of the most charmingly-placed temples the writer remembers is Segesta, in mid-Sicily. It stands in the midst of gaunt and barren hills. A long walk from the nearest railway station leads over these hills, and coming round the shoulder of the last range a view is disclosed of a long valley stretching in among the mountains which enclose it and tower above it on either hand. From the side of one of the main ridges a short spur is thrust forward into the valley, the end of which forms a rounded knoll, and on this the temple is placed. With the larger mountains bent round it and the valley leading up to it, it forms a natural cynosure and attracts the eye from a great distance. Not a trace of classic *Acragas* remains except the temple. The landscape is an extraordinarily wild and lonely one, the only sign of life being probably an occasional shepherd boy climbing with his goats among the rocks and tufts of *asphodel*. The temple, however, raised upon its natural pedestal, still seems to dominate the landscape and to claim a silent homage from the surrounding scenery.

More lovely still is the setting of the temples at *Girgenti*, which stand in a line along the cliff overlooking the sea. Inland the ground dips into a wide hollow before sloping up steeply to the heights once included within the boundaries of the old city of *Agrigentum* and crowned to-day with the particu-

larly dirty village of *Castro-Giovanni*. The hollow between the inland hills and sea cliffs, facing south and protected from the north, teems with a vegetation which in April and May seems to combine the prodigal richness of a tropical climate with the vigor and freshness of northern seasons. The delicious green of the young almonds, the almost transparent leaves and tendrils of the vines, the massive black *caroob* trees, the glistening foliage and glowing fruit of orange plantations and paler yellow lemons, form a thicket of wonderful variety, to which gigantic olives, low, with gnarled and knotted trunks, add their silvery foliage. Great trailing gourds cumber the earth or climb the trees, whence they hang down their flabby yellow blossoms. The air is almost overladen with the scent of orange blossom, for the same trees carry blossom and fruit at once, and an endless variety of wild flowers twinkling through the young wheat covers the ground.

This sheltered valley of Europe's southernmost coast, fed by its rich volcanic soil and breathed on by the mildest of sea breezes, smothered in gifts and brimming over with fertility, seems, as it were, the spoiled child and petted darling of nature. As you wander through what seems like an enchanted covert you can think of nothing lacking to complete its beauty. Then, through gaps in the foliage, between glossy orange leaves and gray olives, you catch a glimpse of the long dark brown ridge of volcanic rock close in front, and the easternmost of the temples, *Juno Lacinia*, lifting its buoyant proportions against the clear blue of the sky; and immediately the covert you have passed through becomes, as it were, an ante-chamber, and you perceive that the object of the gradual ascent you have been making has been to lead you to this.

There are four temples here. The cliffs drop almost perpendicularly, on the southern side, sheer from the edges of their platforms to the sea. It is difficult to say, perhaps, whether, when they were in their perfect state, the view of them from the inland side, or as they would have appeared from the sea, raised on the precipice's edge, their brilliant coloring and symmetry of form in startling contrast to the rude cliffs, would have been the more striking. From either point of view the appropriateness of this final ridge as a building site is undeniable. Placed as they are, the temples are like a row of pictures hung conspicuously in full view of the ancient city.

It would be unnecessary to multiply instances of this care of the Greeks in the choice of sites. The most famous example, as the reader knows, is the Acropolis at Athens, a little eminence of precisely the right height and dimensions, rising sharply from the plain and commanding the attention not only of the town and its environs, but of the encircling mountains, of the rich valley leading to the Piræus and of the blue expanse of the Gulf of Ægina ruffled in old days by Athens's fleet. So perfectly adapted is this feature for the purpose for which it has been used that the writer has often wondered if the position of this hill had not something to do with the choice of a situation for the town itself which seems to have drawn hither from its more natural site near the Piræus in order that it might take advantage of such an opportunity for the proper display of its precious works of art.

However that may be, it is evident that in this placing of their temples the Greeks were only carrying out to its logical conclusion the same principle that they applied to the details of the architecture. They were but reiterating their guiding maxim that *every touch must tell*, that the disposition of

every part must be regulated by a strict regard for its more easy and perfect display. What a single metope was to the frieze, what the frieze was to the entire entablature, what the entablature was to the whole temple, that the temple itself was to the landscape. The conception was altogether a Greek one. With seven hills to choose from, the Romans built all their principal temples in a ditch; for the Forum is little more.

Most English, or European, churches and cathedrals are built in the midst of the thickest part of towns and great cities. There are so many hills in England that some of these buildings find themselves, perhaps without quite knowing why, fairly well placed. Yet it is sufficiently evident, if we consider the general sites occupied, that the choice of a position from which they could be most perfectly visible to the whole city was not at all a consideration that has influenced our great buildings. Indeed, a Christian temple would probably think such an object of mere display an unworthy one. Its own value, it would have said, consisted not in what it was to look at, but in the part it played in the life of a community. What did it matter if clustering houses and the cottages of the poor shut it in and nestled against it? After all, such behavior only symbolized the kind of influence that the Church herself desired to exercise. Was it not better to come down here among poor struggling humanity with a message of tenderness and pity than to stand apart on a hill to be looked at?

Well, the question brings us back to the old difference between the Greek view of art and ours. It is certain that our buildings make no pretence to be of supreme importance as objects to look at. We may make the claim for them, but they make no such claim themselves. Will the reader think of our two great London Churches, West-



minster Abbey and St. Paul's? The former stands down on a flat. It might, indeed, command from the riverside a fine prospect, but from that it is entirely cut off by other buildings. St. Paul's is placed on the top of a hill, from which it *might*, if it had not been completely built round, command a view, over the lower parts of the City and the river, to our home-returning ships—an end which an Athenian would have secured at any cost. As it is, neither of these great buildings produces any effect as things to be looked at at all. Neither of them is seen nor felt fifty yards from its own walls.

It is curious, perhaps, that we should make no better provision for seeing what we all declare to be so beautiful. If these things, one cannot but think, were, in the Greek sense of the word, beautiful—if we got, that is to say, strength and succour and light from them—is it to be supposed that we should submit to be cut off from such resources? The fact is we are wiser in our practice than in our theory. However confidently we may maintain

The Speaker.

the beauty of our great buildings, it is only necessary to consider our treatment and disposal of them to see that we do not derive the virtue from them that beauty possesses. We *call* them beautiful things, but we do not *use* them as beautiful things. This is just what the Greeks did do, and is the point of difference between their art and ours. They considered their temples as objects the highest function of which was to be seen. No other use the building could be put to was equal to that. No sermon preached within it was equal to the sermon preached by its own proportions and aspect. Such a view of the matter is a strange one to us, but, all the more for that, perhaps, it is worth considering. It shows the seriousness that the subject of art can attain to among a people who really live by art; who do not confuse it with other subjects and subordinate it to other interests, but who within the limits of its own sphere give it supreme control and suffer it to be guided in everything that concerns it, in choice of site no less than in plan of construction, by its own laws.

L. March Philipps.

## BOOKS AND AUTHORS.

A new novel by a Maine author will be published by Little, Brown & Co. in the fall. Linnie Sarah Harris has written a light, unconventional romance of love and music entitled "Sweet Peggy," which has for its heroine a young woman with a marvellous voice.

The Harpers, under the title "The Story of the Candlesticks" will add this year to their "Wayside Series" the famous story of Jean Valjean and the good bishop's stolen candlesticks from "Les Misérables." This is one of the most touching incidents in Victor

Hugo's romances and is well suited to separate presentation.

Sir Gilbert Parker, whose new novel "A Ladder of Swords" has just been published by the Harpers, is the author of thirteen other books of fiction, of which "The Right of Way" was the most successful. He has written also a volume of poems, several plays and a book of Australian travel; yet he is not quite forty-two years old.

Mr. Clarence S. Darrow, a Chicago lawyer, who came into national promi-

nence at the time of the great coal strike has made an excursion into literature, and will publish this autumn, through A. C. McClurg & Co. a book called "Farmington" which records his recollections of a boyhood in a Pennsylvania village. Mr. Howells gives the book high praise.

Mr. Swinburne's new volume of verse "A Channel Passage and Other Poems" of which the Harpers are the American publishers, gives, in the title poem a vigorous description of "three glad hours" spent in crossing from Calais to Dover in 1855. Of the other poems some deal with the delights of swimming, some with the charm of childhood, and some are tributes to friends, to dead poets, and to dead heroes. There are several sonnets and roundels, some translations, and many patriotic and political poems, together with a series of prologues to Elizabethan plays. The book will contain "The Altar of Righteousness," the long poem which recently appeared in *Harper's Magazine*.

E. P. Dutton & Co. announce a new edition in one volume of "The Creevey Papers." These papers, which attracted a good deal of attention in England and in this country on their first publication last year form a valuable source of information for students of that period of history extending from the French Revolution to the Accession of Queen Victoria. They cover the same period as the famous Croker Papers, but the author was a Whig and consequently we get the story of the times from the opposite political point of view. Although not himself a great man, Creevey was intimately acquainted with the leading statesmen and the members of the royal family of his time. His ready wit and good humor made him a social favorite throughout his entire life and in his

diary we have perhaps the best existing record of the social life of the century. In his papers he has left some apt criticisms and descriptions of the people of his acquaintance.

Among the announcements of Fox, Duffield & Co. of New York for autumn publication are "Pictures by George Frederick Watts," with an introduction by Julia Ellsworth Ford and Thomas W. Lamont; "The Canterbury Tales," a modern translation in prose by Percy MacKaye, illustrated in colors; "The Blue Grass Cook Book," by Minnie C. Fox, containing receipts collected from famous housekeepers of the blue grass region of Kentucky; "The Star of Bethlehem," a nativity play, arranged by Professor C. M. Gayley of the University of California from a series of old mystery plays, for performance this fall by Ben Greet's players; "Herbert Spencer," by Professor Josiah Royce of Harvard, to which Mr. James Collier, Spencer's Secretary, adds some interesting reminiscences; and "Misrepresentative Men," by Col. D. Streamer, a little book of satirical verses on "Misrepresentative" celebrities, from Adam down to Theodore Roosevelt.

The Academy complains of some strange omissions from the various series of reprints of standard fiction which are now being issued in such vast quantities and in such excellent style. All but two of Lord Beaconsfield's novels are out of copyright; yet none of them have been included in any cheap series. Lord Lytton's "Pelham" is another instance—a work full of curious crudities, but at the same time nearly the equal in wit of Beaconsfield's "Vivian Grey." Theodore Hook is surely unjustly neglected; there is much good work in the two novels dealing with the fortunes of Gilbert Gurney. There is too great a

tendency, in fact, to "follow my leader," with the result that the various series present a dull uniformity as regards the selection of works included. Mrs. Oliphant might be added to the list of authors whose books are not reprinted but which ought to be. There would be a large demand for a uniform edition of her stories at a moderate price; and if copyright complications prevent such an edition in England, because of her having published through so many houses, that obstacle would not be in the way of an edition here.

John Lane heads his fall list with Ernest Alfred Vizetelly's authoritative biography, "Emile Zola, Novelist and Reformer, An account of his life and work." The book follows the life of the famous Frenchman from his boyhood days, when he spent his vacations rambling through Provence. The antecedents of the great novelist are set forth, with especial interest in the brilliant work and bitter disappointments of his father, whose profession of engineering Zola at first desired to follow. His early struggles and his wretched experience of poverty, are described with sympathy and candor. The growth of his humanitarian ideas and his practical employment of them are followed, and the famous part taken in the Dreyfus case is shown without overshadowing the proper course of the chronicle. Throughout the literary growth of the novelist is kept in view, and his works are successively analyzed.

The Committee, under the presidency of Miss Margaret Benson, which arranged last year a brief vacation term of Biblical study for women at Cambridge, has just brought to a successful conclusion a similar experiment at Oxford. The object of the courses has been educational rather than doctrinal, and the method followed by the lec-

turers generally has been historical and critical with cautiously progressive results. Short courses of lectures were given on important departments of Old and New Testament study, and one course on religious philosophy. Single lectures were given on special subjects, including one by Dr. Grenfell on the recently discovered "Logia," one by Dr. Charles on "The Testaments of the Twelve Patriarchs," one by Dr. Kenyon on "The Documentary History of the New Testament," and one by Prof. Percy Gardner on "Greek Religions at the Rise of Christianity." The students, many of whom found accommodation in the halls for women students, numbered over two hundred.

The entries of fiction in the autumn list of Macmillan & Co. include Jack London's first long novel, "The Sea-Wolf"; Mr. Marion Crawford's new novel of modern Rome and Sicily, whose title is taken from the well-known biblical quotation beginning "Whosoever Shall Offend;" Miss Gwendolen Overton's new novel, "Captains of the World," the first of a series of unconnected studies of modern American life and conditions; Mr. Robert Herrick's story about the architect who tried to escape "The Common Lot" of mankind and to enjoy the special privileges of wealth; "Sabrina Warham" by Mr. Laurence Housman, the author of "An English Woman's Love Letters;" "Traitor and Loyalist," a blockade-runner story by Mr. Henry K. Webster; Mr. James Barnes's account of "The Unpardonable War" between England and the United States some years hence; and other new novels by William Stearns Davis, Mark Lee Luther, Foxcroft Davis, and Dr. John Williams Streeter, who wrote "The Fat of the Land," as well as a volume of short stories of the American Stage, entitled "Players and Vagabonds," by Miss Viola Roseboro'.

GEORGE FREDERICK WATTS, R.A.

A CHILD'S SLEEP.

## I.

Loved and revered! What more than  
this  
Of sounding glory, silent bliss,  
Would crave the nobly-nurtured Mind  
That works to elevate mankind  
To seek the God within the shrine,  
And in the human the Divine?—

## II.

That makes the bare blank canvas  
glow  
With gorgeous pageant, pallid woe,  
Bequeathes to after-days the grace  
Of maiden form or manly face;  
Subjecting death to love's desire,  
Shows sons how lived, how looked,  
their sire,  
And limns with far-transmitting hand  
The features of the Mother Land:—

## III.

With vision fancifully fierce  
Can through rough-quarried marble  
pierce,  
And, plunging deep within it, make  
A dreaming loveliness to wake  
And live, while common things wax  
old,  
A youthful glory to behold!

## IV.

And such was He whom you will find  
Within this narrow Urn enshrined.  
Approach and read: A date, a name,  
A little dust, a lasting Fame.

. . . . .  
. . . . .

## V.

And may not Death the Artist be,  
Which through obstructing flesh can  
see  
The imprisoned Soul, and sets it free,  
To circle planet-like through space,  
Heaven's splendor shining on its face?

Alfred Austin.

The National Review.

How this child sleeps!  
In silence like the future's where our  
dreams  
Wander and yet find naught but what  
they bring.  
The room of all expectancy is here!  
Thus spread the landscape in the happy  
eyes  
Of loved Hipponoë!  
Ah! here,  
As in an eagle's egg,  
Enjoyment of the empire of the air,  
Is lodged a prophecy, a thing to be.  
Behold, the moon doth rise;  
Her light, see, steals  
Across the lichened surface of this slab;  
It reaches now his little foot, behold!  
What roads, what sea-shores, and what  
craggy heights,  
Softly and firmly planted, shall this  
tread  
And carry with it all our will's success!

Sturge Moore.

## HUMANITY.

"Ever exulting in thyself, on fire  
To flaunt the purple of the Universe,  
To strut and strut, and thy great part  
rehearse;  
Ever the slave of every proud desire;  
Come now a little down where sports  
thy sire!  
Choose thy small better from thy  
abounding worse!  
Prove thou thy lordship who had'st  
dust for nurse,  
And for thy swaddling the primeval  
mire!"  
Then stooped our Manhood nearer,  
deep and still,  
As from earth's mountains an un-  
voyaged sea,  
Hushed my faint voice in its great  
peace until  
'T seemed but a bird's cry in Eter-  
nity:  
And in its future loomed the undream-  
able;  
And in its past slept simple men like  
me.

Walter J. De la Mare.

The Monthly Review.